

The Sketch

No. 1066,—Vol. LXXXII.

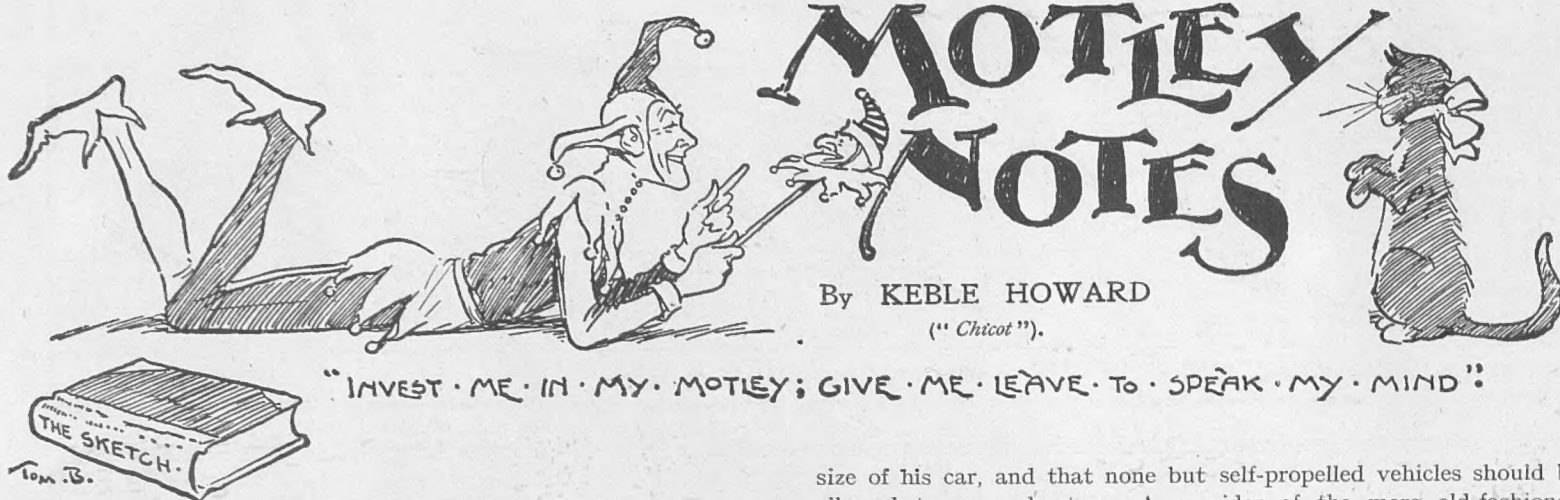
WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



THE GREAT SCOTT WILL CASE: LADY SACKVILLE, OF KNOLE PARK.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1890, Lady Sackville, who is a cousin of her husband, was known as Miss Victoria Sackville-West. Her husband, who is the third Baron, was born in 1867, and succeeded in 1908. Knole Park, his Lordship's seat at Sevenoaks, Kent, has been described as the most English house in England. Lord and Lady Sackville have one daughter, the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, born in 1892. The first Baron, fourth son of the fifth Earl de la Warr, held several high appointments in the Royal Household.—*Photograph by Topham.*



Good News for Non-Motorists.

The International Road Congress did splendid work last week. Not only did it send a telegram to the Prince of Wales congratulating him upon his birthday, not only did it hammer out the idea that "main roads should be so designed that the fast and slow traffic can proceed without unduly intermixing," but it also drew words of golden wisdom from Mr. S. F. Edge. Mr. S. F. Edge, it seems, presided at a section of the Congress which met at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, and at which the subject under discussion was the lighting of highways. The country villages and urban districts, he said, could not possibly light the roads in a way that was adequate for modern road traffic. The road-user himself must, except for the large cities, carry his light with him.

So far, so good. Everybody will see just what Mr. Edge concedes. He does not expect Lower Littlecombe and Lesser Hedgeborough, the combined populations of which amount to just under two hundred souls, including babies in arms, to illuminate brilliantly, winter and summer, that four-mile stretch of country lane that lies between them. Mr. Edge, I say, does not expect that, and does not demand it. He is a reasonable man. He realises, quite as clearly as you and I, friend the reader, that there are other people living in these islands besides motorists. For this we have to thank him, coupling with our thanks the hope that he will impress the same homely truth upon his fellow-motorists. They have never seen us, but I feel sure they would be interested to hear that we exist.

Illuminated Cattle.

Mr. Edge then went on to the real point of his address. The International Road Congress should, however, call on the local authorities in every country throughout the world to see that unexpected obstructions were lighted clearly. "He referred not only to permanent obstructions, excavations, and road repairs, but also to things being moved on the highway, like cattle. They should be adequately lighted to conform with modern road conditions."

This is very true. Nothing is more annoying to a motorist—barring personal damage—than to run smack into a bullock, or a flock of sheep, or a battalion of Territorials. Motorists don't like it, they are tired of it, and the time has come to protest. If bullocks, or sheep, or Territorials wish to walk along the roads after dark—a very unreasonable proceeding, in any case—they should all carry little tail-lamps and head-lamps. A flock of sheep or cattle thus illuminated would be practically immune from collisions with motorists, and would also enhance the picturesqueness of the country landscape by night. The modern Gray would write—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The blazing sheep wind slowly o'er the lea.

I like to think of the farmers, too, turning out at night to light up their cattle in case they should happen to stray on to the roads and get in the way of the motorists. "Molly," the novelists of the countryside will write, "with a swish of her tail, flung a bright shaft of light on to the upturned sleeping face of the abandoned babe."

The Errand-Boy's Hooter.

Another suggestion that came from Mr. Edge might have been a little more comprehensive. The motorist's lights, he said, should be proportionate to the speed, and such that an obstruction could be seen at least twice as far as the distance in which his brakes could stop him.

I agree. I wish, none the less, that Mr. Edge had had time to suggest that the motorist's hooter should be in proportion to the

size of his car, and that none but self-propelled vehicles should be allowed to carry hooters. As a rider of the mere old-fashioned bicycle, I find it very annoying to skip to the side of the road in response to a terrific hooting behind me, only to find that I have spoilt my run downhill for the sake of permitting some wretched little errand-boy on a bicycle no swifter than my own to monopolise the centre of the roadway. If I appear to speak heatedly on this subject, it is because this experience befell me, for the ten-thousandth time, as recently as yesterday. I was at the top of a hill. There was a van ahead of me. I calculated that I could shoot past the van on the right. Then came a terrific hooting behind me. "Here," I said to myself, "is a huge and powerful car. If I attempt to shoot past that van, and the car also attempts to shoot past the van, we shall probably get there together, and the car will pass over my prostrate body." I pulled up, therefore, and drew to one side. The huge car proved to be a tradesman's tricycle, ridden by an urchin of twelve.

Will the International Road Congress kindly look into this important matter?

What Doctors Suffer.

"The sculptor's ideal of the perfect human figure," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "has been rudely shattered. A medical witness in a case recently disconcerted counsel by stating that no person possesses legs of equal length. Doctors are well aware of the fact, and they know more: human symmetry is a myth; legs, arms, face, fingers, hands—all are, in each person, of varying length."

And yet doctors, knowing these things, are content to dwell among the rest of us, and even to treat us as though our legs were of equal length. Doctors even marry. (I know that this is true, because my grandfather was a doctor.) It is clear that we do not, with all the will in the world, give sufficient credit to doctors for their heroic unselfishness. When you and I, friend the reader, make love, we do it on the understanding that the person to whom we are making love (I am now addressing myself to masculine friends the readers) are perfect in every respect. Should we be able to get that vibrating note into the voice, that liquid look into the eye, that yearning attitude into the figure, if we realised that the object of our adoration had eyes of different shades of colour, ribs of all kinds of lengths, and higgledy-piggledy fingers? You know very well we could not.

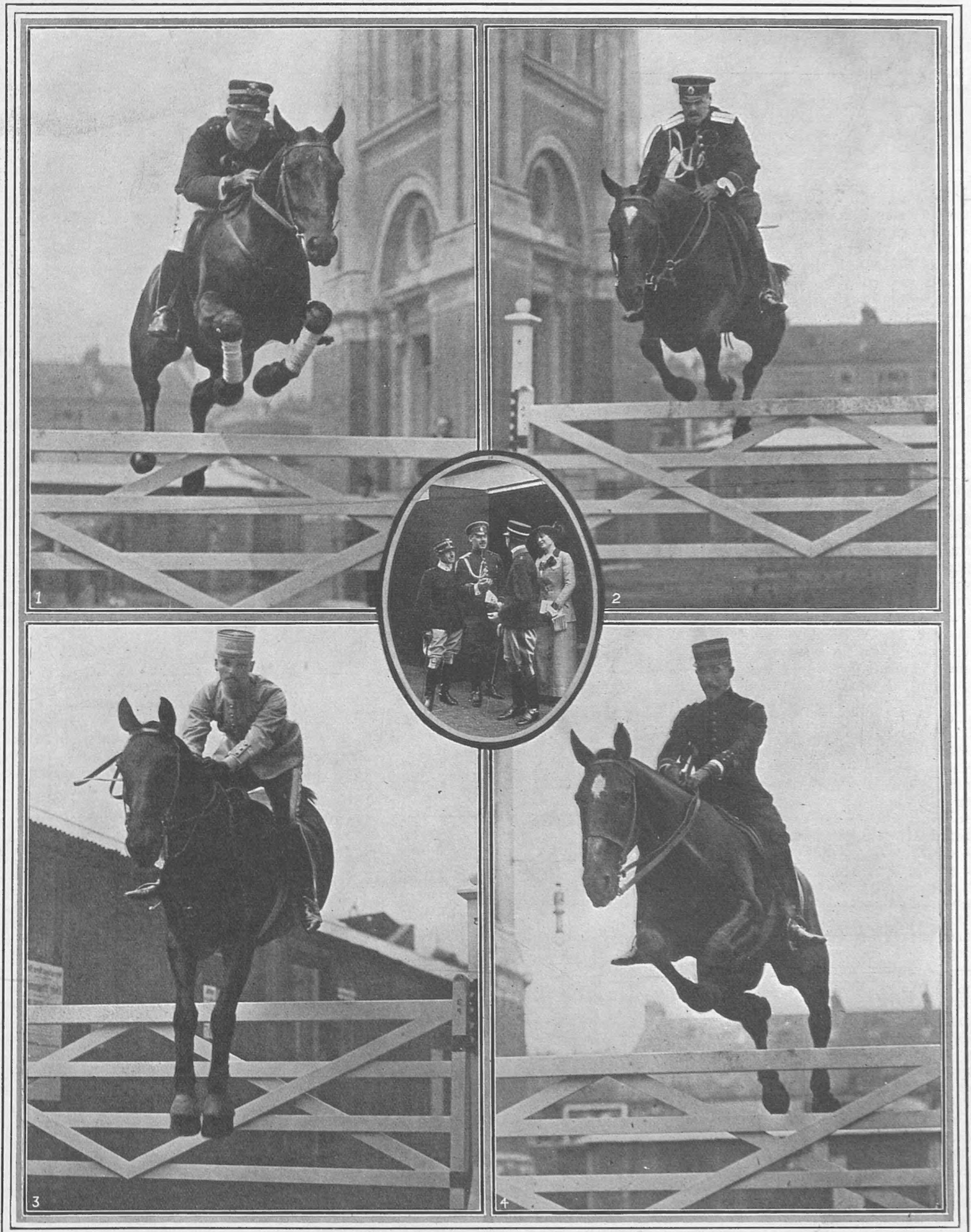
And yet, I suppose, doctors make love. Wonderful fellows! I have always thought very highly of the medical profession; from to-day, all doctors are heroes in my eyes.

This Exacting Age.

"She has not stopped short at the expressionless production of merely pure tone. She has feeling, emotions to convey; she has learnt to convey them with infallible justness and charm. She is a consummate artist, and not only in regard to vocal shades of expression, but in all her bearing and gesture, an artist to the least inflexion of the eyebrows and to the ends of her fingers."

Thus one of our most distinguished musical critics on Miss Alma Gluck, the mere pronunciation of whose name makes melody in the mouth of even the least musical. I gather, in short, that Miss Gluck is a good singer, and I shall certainly go to hear her, if only to see her inflect her eyebrows. I should like to call the attention, in the meantime, of the seventeen thousand charming young English ladies with exquisite voices now looking for a chance of making a name and fortune on the operatic stage to the demands of the age. You may be able to sing like cherubim, my pretties, but what can you do to help the composer with the tips of your chins or the napes of your necks?

FOREIGNERS OVER THE FENCES: OFFICERS RIDING AT OLYMPIA.



1. CONTE GIACOMO ANTONELLI, OF ITALY.

2. CAPTAIN PAUL RODZANKO, OF RUSSIA.

3. LIEUTENANT GAILLIARD, OF BELGIUM.

4. CAPTAIN CARIOU, OF FRANCE.

A feature of the International Horse Show at Olympia—the seventh of its kind—was the number of foreign officers competing. The King George V. International Challenge Cup, it may be remarked, was won by Lieutenant Baron de Meslon, of France, on Amazone; Captain Paul Rodzanko, of Russia, was second, on Jilly; and Lieutenant Briguet, of France, third, on Ecrou. The jumping competition for the King Edward VII. Gold Challenge Cup, open to teams of three officers of all nations, was won by Russia. France was second; England, third. Captain Plechkoff, of Russia, on the nine-year-old Epire, did not lose a mark; Captain Rodzanko, on Jilly, also went round the course without touching an obstacle, but lost one mark by a refusal; Captain d'Exe had four slight grazes.

Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls.



IN THE GREAT WORLD

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE are several paths to popularity. One is recklessness; the man who takes big risks with his neck, his money, or his reputation is likely to have a following. His path is a hurdle-course, to be taken at the bound. Another is the cinder-track of determination, of grit. Roosevelt's bull-moose speeches and Kipling's verses have the qualities that prosper along that line. Then there is the popularity of the actor, of the athlete, and of Edward VII., which was of quite another order. The popularity of the Prince of Wales also is a thing apart. His case does not answer to any other; it eludes analysis. An Oxford sage has said that he is popular because he has never made a bid for popularity, but nobody who has come into daily contact with the Prince would leave it at that. The explanation, although good as far as it goes, is too negative to meet the case of a Prince of personality.

A Personality. It took Oxford some time to appreciate the Prince. It did not know there could be a new way for undergraduates; it certainly did not guess that the slight, quiet boy would persevere in his own particular mannerisms, that he would not capitulate to the prevalent tone. It takes an average young man just a fortnight to assume the manner, to grow *blasé*; it takes him a little longer to learn the ways of wine and the art of toast-making, but with money and a name he should, before a term is over, be somewhat famous in his college for supper-parties. Wit and wisdom may also be his if he spends just a little time and trouble. Edward VII., of course, got into his stride with absolute ease. He proposed surprising toasts; he made dashes to town; he knew the world like his pocket as soon as he sampled it. His grandson has done otherwise, and prospered no less.

The Magdalen Manner. When the heir to a foreign throne was sent to Eton he found himself kicked by every ambitious youngster in the place. They kicked him in order that they might say they had kicked a king. When the Prince of Wales arrived at Oxford he was "treated" on rather the same lines. It was the ambition of his contemporaries to reduce him to the level of "a jolly good sort." The ordeal of the supper-parties was encountered with perfect good-humour, but no weakness. The Prince proved himself good-natured, but wholly stubborn. He is to-day no more of "a jolly good sort" than he was a year ago. He is still gentle, considerate, kind, quiet. Oxford hardly realises it, but it is the Oxford manner, and not the Prince, that has been subtly altered by his sojourn at Magdalen.

The Apron-Strings. It is probably difficult for Princes to grow up. Officials, equerries, tutors, and many other obstacles exist for a King's son. The story that even at the Coronation there was somebody to prompt him

with "Now shake hands" when an Eastern potentate was introduced will show that a young man of seventeen may, within palace gates, be treated like a boy of ten. There was no need, while King George had still to make himself known to the country as a King, that the Prince should be much in the public eye. But boys who are supposed to be tied to the apron-strings of ladies-in-waiting are not necessarily subject in spirit. The naughtiness of Prince John, for instance, is famous. It constitutes his own particular claim for popularity. "I hate you," he once cried out to a relative at a

garden-party. "Not as much as I hate you," was the answer, half in desperation, half in fun. It was an unexpected thrust, and the response was a flood of tears, on the tide of which he was carried from the field. He had the sympathy of the majority with him then; but he does not want sympathy. When he shouted, as was his daily custom, "Votes for Women" from his "pram" in the Park, it was in defiance of popular opinion. His eldest brother has broken his bonds in a different way. The ladies-in-waiting may still fancy that the apron-strings are effective. The Prince has never troubled about asserting himself. To Queen Alexandra his manner remains, in all respects, the manner of a boy. When he goes shopping with her in Bond Street, he is much less careful to wear the air of a man-about-town than the air of an affectionate grandson. In all family dealings, David, as he is called, puts "family" first.

David the Younger. David is his name; and Mr. David Lloyd George, of Wales, has called him "my Prince." That he has turned the Chancellor of the Exchequer into a courtier is only one of many minor triumphs. He is Prince of Wales, but he is a Scotsman, Irishman, and Englishman no less, and he has entered into the interests of all these several patriotisms. When the Irish Oxford group had a meeting the other day, they were delighted to find him taking a seat, quite without notice, among them. Scotland knows and likes him. He is a good shot, in the only place where he is much tempted to shoot. Sport in the wilds of the Highlands loses some of the cold-bloodedness that makes him doubt elsewhere whether he is, in the narrower sense, "a sportsman." His record as a motorist is that of a man

careful for even the smaller forms of life. A friend says of him that he would rather pull up than hurt a bewildered rabbit on the road. He makes the most of the difference between an express train, which takes note of nothing but its speed-registers, and a car which can be made to reflect every inflection of its owner's will; and that is why he is a keen motorist. For the French praises of the Prince, go and listen to M. Poincaré, or get his eloquence at second-hand from those who heard his familiar talk while he was in London. He is a versatile talker, but with one favourite English topic.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Prince of Wales, who performed his first official act the other day by receiving President Poincaré at Portsmouth, was born on June 23, 1894, and is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and an Oxford undergraduate—an uncommon combination. His titles, in addition to Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, are Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland. He is a Knight of the Garter, and has the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece and the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray.]

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HARD ON REGENT'S PARK: WAITER'S DINNER TIPS: ADIEU TO OLD MONT MARTRE: KNICKERBOCKER'S MOVE.

The Regent's Park Grievance.

Once more the matter of the encroachments on Regent's Park is occupying public attention, and I, as having been born in one of the terraces on the borders of the park, and having lived all my life in London near it, would like to have my little say in the controversy. The building of the huge patch of red structures which constitutes the new Bedford College is the making of an eyesore, but I do not think that the return to the public of the lawns in front of the College would be a gain. So long as those lawns are open to the view of the public, as they are now, it is an advantage that they should be kept in good order, instead of being turned into dusty grass as a playground for children. While the Crown was, I think, caught napping in the matter of the buildings of Bedford College, it made the renewal of the lease conditional on the surrender of a strip of land bordering the ornamental water, and through this land a very pleasant, shady new path has been made. When the lease of the house that Nash, the architect, built for himself fell in, the other day, the agreement was renewed on the condition of the surrender of a paddock which has now become part of the park. So long as the private enclosures in the park are kept in view of the public, I, as one of the public, have no objection to their existence, but I do resent the intrusion of bricks and mortar into this *rus in urbe*.

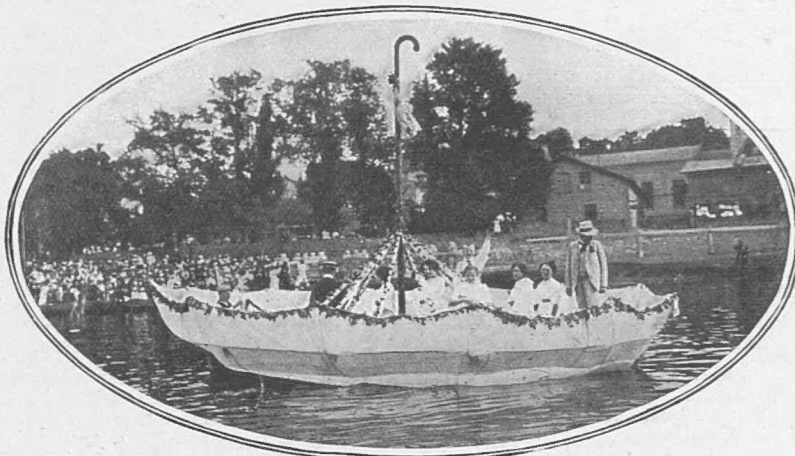
The "Tapping" Waiter.

The waiter at a banquet who whispers in one's ear when coffee is served, "I am going now, Sir; I hope you have enjoyed your dinner," is a nuisance and should be suppressed, and the diner who uses the advertisement columns of the *Times* to entreat other diners to resist the imposition is doing a good deed. But the people against whom the crusade should be directed are not so much the waiters themselves as the managers of hotels and restaurants who engage extra men for these feasts, and pay them a very small fee, it being understood that the waiter is to make all he can out of tips. I never hear the whisper of the waiter at a Savoy or a Ritz banquet—or, indeed, at any big feast given at any quite first-class establishment. But at establishments which are not quite first-class I have seen desperate quarrels in progress between the waiters over their spoils, and I have seen diners who were deaf to the appeal of the whispering waiter attacked by him over and over again. The man to be pilloried is not so much the waiter as the manager of the hotel or restaurant, and his *maitres d'hôtel*, who permit the waiters to carry on this guerilla warfare.

The Passing of Old Montmartre.

The old town of Montmartre, on the northern heights of Paris, is disappearing. It used to be a curious little old city of curving lanes running up the hillside from the region of the Red Mill to that

of the Moulin de la Galette, of walled-in gardens, crooked streets, and little houses. The gradual disappearance of this old-fashioned town was sealed by a kind of wake given at the great hall by which stands the last of the windmills that used to crown the hill—the Moulin de la Galette. Yvette Guilbert, who made her first appearance at a Montmartre music-hall, sang song after song; an actress of the Comédie Française read a poem on the glory of "Old Montmartre"; and M. André de Fouquières, the *littérateur* and leader of cotillons, crowned the Queen of the Meunières, who was duly elected by the butterfly ladies who attended the ball.



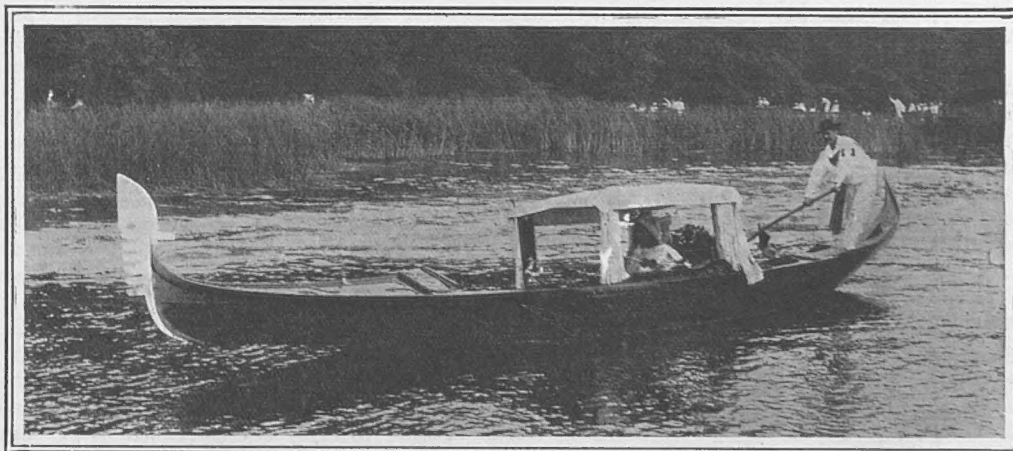
QUITE A FAMILY UMBRELLA! A NOVEL CRAFT AT A FLOWER-FÊTE ON THE RIVER SAALE, IN GERMANY.

This fête is held annually and is patronised particularly by the students of Halle University.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

bocks at the tables set round the dancing-floor, and danced every dance from the first bar to the last with perfect decorum and plenty of spirit. It was an interesting side of purely Parisian life, not sufficiently noisy and not sufficiently exciting to draw strangers up the steep slope of the hill. There is a terrace attached to the dancing-hall which commands a wonderful view of Paris, and it was this view over the illuminated city at night that, in the first place, put into M. Gustave Charpentier's mind the beautiful effect of the adoration of illuminated Paris by the two lovers in his opera "Louise." But I fear that, just as the Old Montmartre is being destroyed, so the primitive gaiety of the Moulin de la Galette is also being ruined.

The Moulin de la Galette.

The Moulin de la Galette has become, I am sorry to say, one of the show places of Paris, and the Americans and our countrymen now go there in the evening in great numbers to see the dancing. The old mill, which still stands there, ground flour, in its days of active service, for the good city of Paris lying below in the valley. The big dancing-hall built by the mill was for many years the meeting-place of the shop-girls and shop-boys of Paris, where they drank their



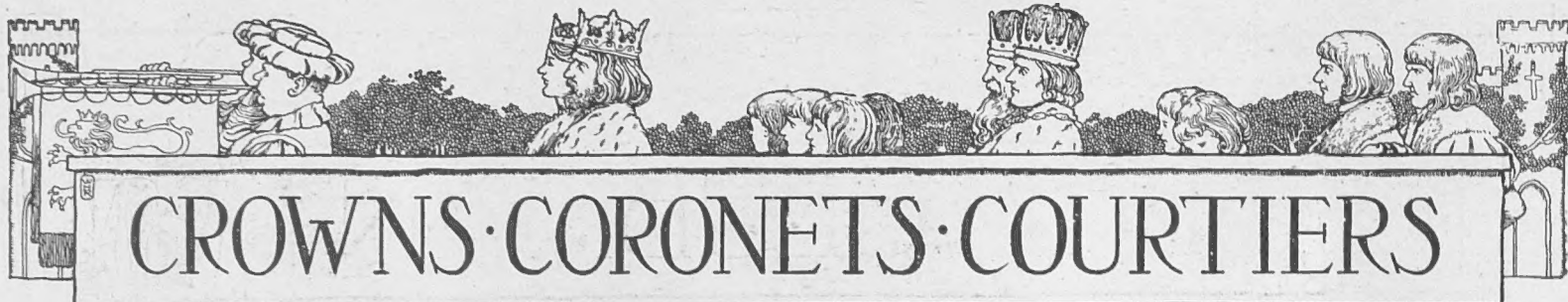
AN UNUSUALLY PICTURESQUE SIGHT ON THE RIVER THAMES: THE COUNTESS OF RADNOR IN HER GONDOLA.

The Countess of Radnor, whose marriage took place in 1891, was known at that time as Miss Julian Eleanor Adelaide Balfour. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Balfour, of Newton Don, Scotland.

Photograph by Barratt.

The New Knickerbocker Club.

If there is one club in New York better known to travelling Britons than any other, it is the Knickerbocker Club, named after the old Dutch settlers, which up till now occupied a club-house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Second Street. It is a very exclusive, and at the same time a very hospitable, club. It is now following the prevalent fashion of the city in moving up to a new site fronting the Central Park. The site which the club has bought is the property of the Princess del Draco, and is said to have cost about £200,000. The new club-house is to stand in its own garden, in order that the members may enjoy an abundance of light and air amid surroundings that of themselves will offer attractions unattainable where the old club-house stood.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

QUEEN ALEXANDRA witnessed many episodes that pleased her during her drive through the streets of London on the Day of Roses, and of the things she did not see her Majesty has since been given a multitude of reports. She could not, for instance, penetrate into Christie's, where a bunch of roses fetched seven guineas, or into the hotels and restaurants, where the battle of flowers—and half-crowns—was thickest. At Pagani's her Majesty

Sir Edmund Loder send conspicuous specimens. The list of exhibitors is a striking commentary on the number, not only of the men who use a rifle, but of those, too, who have a fondness for the trophies of the chase. Not long ago the Clan Fraser considered it derogatory that their chief, Lord Lovat, should crawl on his stomach over wet heather when he had men who could equally well secure him venison for



MISS MAY JONES, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MARRY MAJOR G. M. HARMAN, D.S.O., OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.



MAJOR G. M. HARMAN, D.S.O., OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MARRY MISS MAY JONES.



THE HON. ROLAND KITSON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS SHEILA VANDELEUR WAS FIXED FOR JULY 1.



MISS SHEILA VANDELEUR, WHOSE WEDDING TO THE HON. ROLAND KITSON WAS FIXED FOR JULY 1.

Miss May Jones is the elder daughter of Mr. E. D. Jones, J.P., of Pentower, Fishguard, Pembrokeshire, and 6, Addison Road. Major George Malcolm Nixon Harman is the elder son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir G. B. Harman, K.C.B. He saw active service with the Lango Expedition, Uganda, 1901.—Miss Sheila Vandeleur is the younger daughter of Mrs. Vandeleur of 52, Evelyn Gardens. The Hon. Roland Kitson is a son of the late Lord Airedale and Laura Lady Airedale; and the half-brother of the present Baron.

Photographs by Rita Martin, Walter Barnett, and Lallie Charles.

would have seen her favourite tenor doing honour to the day with more than an Englishman's extravagance. Caruso, before he had finished luncheon, was wearing a bunch of blossoms behind each ear, and his small son saw to it that they were kept in place.

They Connaught Recognise Him.

London has a very slow, or forgetful, eye for its celebrities. Mr. Balfour—surely a striking enough figure—frequently saunters up Regent Street and Pall Mall without being recognised by a soul; and royalty itself can traverse main thoroughfares with impunity and immunity. Nobody ever seems to know the Duke of Connaught when he rides down Constitution Hill, as he frequently does; and this ignorance of a royal countenance was once more strikingly exemplified on Rose Day. The Duke had strolled across Green Park, and was just entering the gardens of Clarence House when a charming vision in white and pink ran up to him and buttonholed him with a buttonhole. The Duke smiled, exchanged a merry word, took a spray of pink roses, gave the vendor a gold coin, and disappeared. "That's the old Duke," a policeman told her, in the jargon that marks the affection of the force doing duty in the district, and even then she seemed hardly to realise that her sovereign had come from the hand of her Sovereign's uncle.

his table. Nowadays, the rule is for my lady as well as my lord to do the crawling, with the full approval of the clan. Forecasts for the coming season in the Highlands have also come to town; all the talk in the Pall Mall galleries is of the autumnal prospects. Some of it is particularly gloomy. A recent letter from one important district reports the loss, through unfavourable weather, of something like five hundred doe, and thousands of newly hatched pheasants have been drowned by inopportune rainfalls.

M. Poincaré left London with a little newly learnt English at his command, and gave an undertaking to have more by the time the King and Queen return his call. But what struck him most forcibly during his visit in this country is that a perfect understanding between man and man, and nation and nation, hardly needs a language in common. In the City he shook hands, and made friends, with dozens of gentlemen who put the French tongue to a lingering and an excruciating death. "They proved," said the French President, "that they could never, never speak my language; but they are my friends." The King, of course, much out-shines the average alderman, and may well claim an accent which is not British, even if he talks at a pace more British than that adopted by his guest, who is characteristically Gallic in the matter of speech.

M. Poincaré's French is the Frenchest thing in the world. "What a pity!" said one Guildhall conversationalist to him; "you can't understand a word of my French, and I can't understand a word of yours."



RICHMOND'S KING: KING MANUEL WITH HIS FIANCÉE, PRINCESS AUGUSTINE VICTORIA OF HOHENZOLLERN, AND HIS MOTHER, QUEEN AMELIE, AT A GARDEN PARTY.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Scotland in Advance.

A preliminary whiff of Scotland comes to town with the exhibition in Pall Mall of British deer-heads. The King is an exhibitor; and Lord Portsmouth, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Vernon Watney, and

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. HARRY LAUDER—FOR BEING A JOYFUL "PREACHER" ON THE POWER OF SOCIABILITY.



SIR LIONEL PHILLIPS—FOR COMPARING THE ORE CRUSHED ON THE RAND WITH A TUNNEL FROM CAPE TOWN TO KHARTUM (3400 MILES).

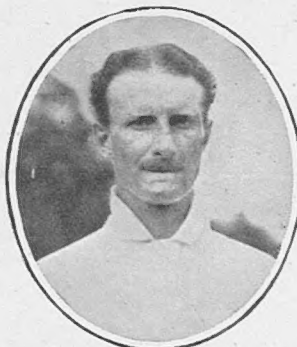


MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL—FOR "ENCHANTRESSING" OVER 19,705 MILES AS FIRST LORD.

Mr. Harry Lauder sang two solos recently during an afternoon service at the Castle Green Congregational Church, Bristol, and gave an address on "the power of sociability." He described the atmosphere as "quite joyful."—Sir Lionel Phillips said recently: "If you take the 208,000,000 tons and bring them into cubic feet, and then consider a railway tunnel, say, 14 ft. high and 10 ft. wide, you can get a tunnel from here [Cape Town] to, Khartum to represent the amount of ore crushed on the Witwatersrand—a tunnel 3400 miles in length." Since the gold-fields were discovered, about 359 millions sterling have been extracted from 208 million tons of rock, torn from the bowels of the earth.—On Oct. 23, 1911, Mr. Churchill became First Lord of the Admiralty. Since Oct. 31, 1911, the "Enchantress" has covered 19,705 miles. Thus Mr. Churchill, never at sea in politics if he can help it, is often at sea on duty.—[Photos. by Wakefield, Antrobus, and Newspaper Illustrations.]



SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER—FOR DECIDING TO LIFT CINEMA PICTURES TO A HIGHER MORAL AND ARTISTIC PLANE.



MR. F. G. LOWE—FOR SCRATCHING TO HIS BROTHER, "A. H.," TO GIVE HIM A BETTER CHANCE AT WIMBLEDON.



BRAUND, OF SOMERSET—FOR HIS INNINGS OF 257 NOT OUT AGAINST WORCESTERSHIRE, AND GIVING ONLY ONE CHANCE.

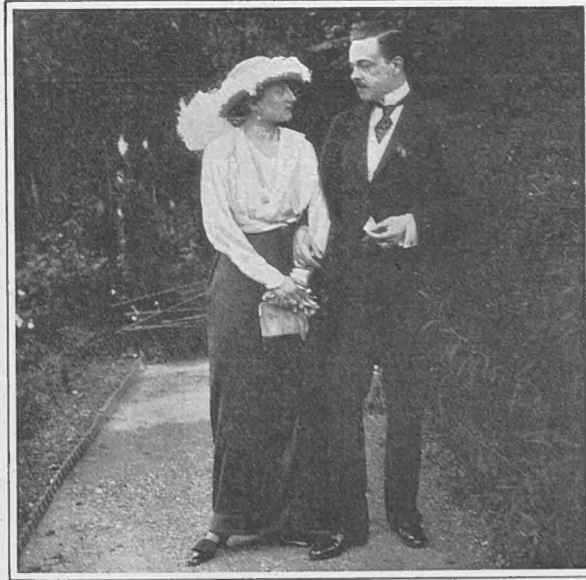


MR. F. S. EDGE—FOR SAYING THAT CATTLE SHOULD WEAR LIGHTS—PRESUMABLY TAIL—WHEN MOVING ON THE HIGHWAYS.

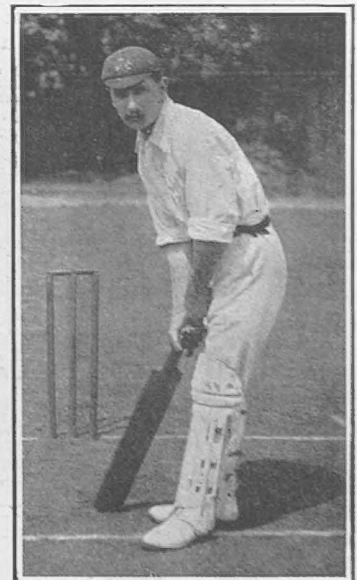
Mr. F. G. Lowe scratched to his brother in the Singles Championship 'at Wimbledon, to give him a better chance. But A. H. was beaten by J. C. Parke in the fourth round.—Sir Hubert von Herkomer is producing cinematograph pictures at Lutulaund, his Bushey home.—By scoring 257 not out Braund made the highest innings of his career, and his first double century in first-class cricket. He gave but one chance—at 34, batting for 3½ hours.—Mr. Edge, the motorist, advocates the lighting, not only of dangerous obstructions, but of things on the highway, like cattle.—[Photographs by E. H. Mills, Sport and General, and Elliott and Fry.]



MISS MCCULLOCH—FOR WINNING THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP OF SCOTLAND.



KING MANUEL AND HIS FIANCEE—FOR LOOKING AFFECTIONATE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN NON-REPUBLICAN RICHMOND.



J. T. TYLDESLEY, OF LANCASHIRE—FOR HIS MAGNIFICENT SCORE OF 210 AGAINST SURREY.

Miss McCulloch, of the West Kilbride Club, won the eleventh annual ladies' championship of Scotland by 4 and 3. In the final she defeated Miss Mackintosh, of Grantown.—Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern, fiancée of King Manuel, is now in England, and her future husband and herself are far too pleased with things as they are to worry about their future titles. They leave that to the newspapers.—J. T. Tyldesley was 4 hours 25 min. making his 210.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Sport and General.

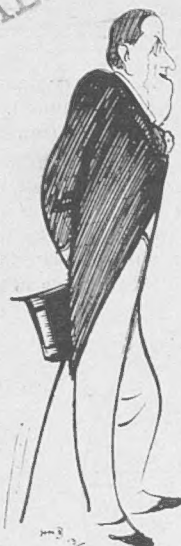


ADAPTATION AS A FINE ART: POINTS FROM "WITHIN THE LAW."

The Drift Apart. There is a line upon the programme of "Within the Law" about which a serious person might write columns of copy. It is this: "Adapted for the English stage by Frederick Fenn and Arthur Wimperis." Now the matter adapted is a play written by Mr. Bayard Veiller, who, I believe, is an American dramatist—indeed, like a schoolboy, I would take my dying oath to that effect, though, like the schoolboy, I would not bet sixpence. Think how profound is the meaning of that phrase "adapted for the English stage"—how far we have drifted apart! Indeed, before to use the stale Americanism, "I hand in my checks"—or the quaint French phrase, "I eat my vegetables by the root"—I expect to read of American dramas "translated" for the English stage. It is a curious phenomenon, this drift apart of people belonging to a common stock, animated (broadly speaking) by the same ideals, both pretending to use the same tongue, both employing the same common law. However, it is not my business to be serious here—if I can help it. "Within the Law" took most of us in during the first act; until the last hundred and twenty-three seconds and a half we believed that it was earnest and sincere drama or comedy—"Warp and Woof," the first act of "Diana of Dobson's," the early chapters of "Kipps," Mr. Maxwell's "Vivien," a sensational novel (name forgotten) by Richard Marsh, and other works of fiction rushed into my mind, owing to the picture of the "sweated" shop-girl and Richard Gilder, the wealthy shopkeeper who posed as philanthropist, yet in a fantastical kind of good faith ignored the intensely truthful proposition that "Charity begins at home." I wonder how many limelight philanthropists ignore this: I could give some names. The picture was quite clever, and admirably worked up in connection with the question of shop-lifting—the terror of the shopkeeper, who grows grey or bald wondering whether it is wiser to risk frightening off customers by precautions against thieves or to lose heavily from thefts. However, just at the end we knew where we were, for the beautiful shop-girl accused unjustly of stealing turned round upon Edward Gilder and announced in true melodramatic style that she was going to have his blood, or words to that effect.

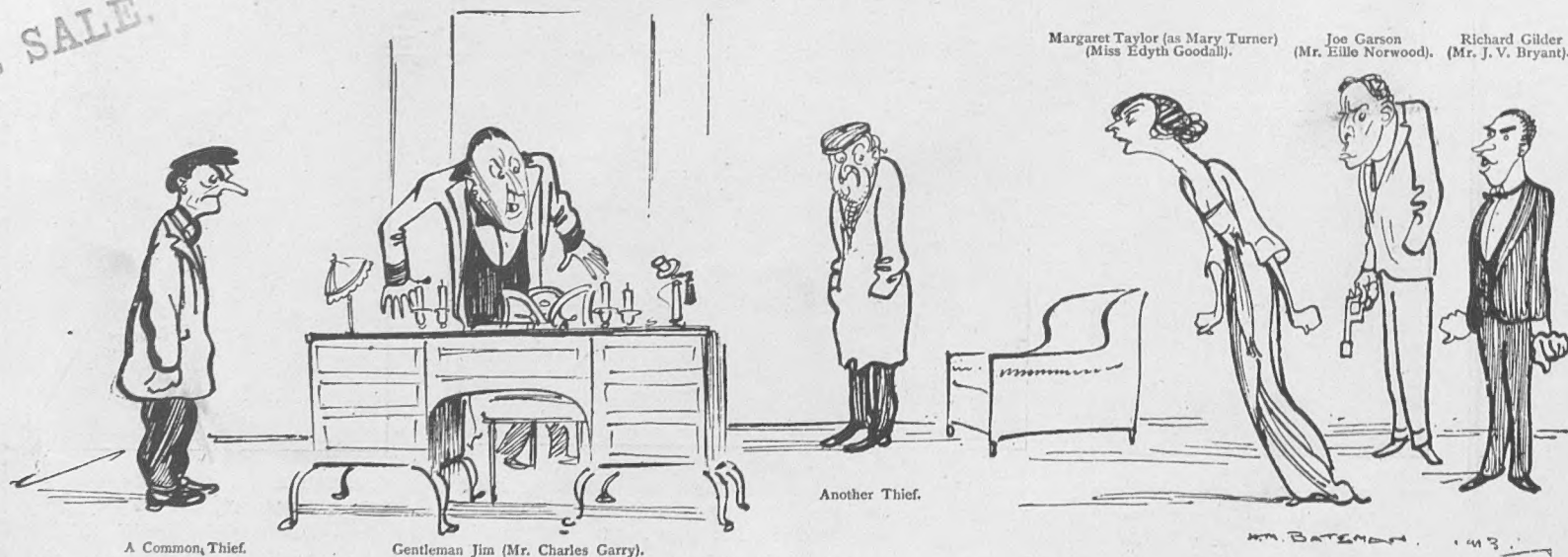
The Criminal Association. Of course, when we reached the melodrama we knew where we were, and the programme, with its description of five characters as "members of a criminal association," was quite eloquent. The sixth member of the association interested us most: this was Margaret Taylor, the shop-girl of the first act, and afterwards Mary Turner, chief of the association. There is a touch of observation in the change of name without alteration of the initials: I believe that this kind of

economy in marking-ink has brought a great many criminals to justice; so when I set up in crime it won't be as "E. F. S.," or even the perhaps more important "F. E. S.," but as—however, I mean to be virtuous so long as this paper continues to publish my kind of nonsense. It was a remarkable kind of association, the object of which was to swindle the public without committing a breach of the criminal law. Such associations are common enough in the land, and generally take the form of bucket-shops or company-promoting syndicates. The authors, or adapters, of "Within the Law" are too mindful of the public weal to explain the devices by which their gang earned wealth, except in one particular case, for we had a merry little blackmailing scene about an amorous old gentleman who wrote love-letters to a pretty girl; but you can't work a whole association on that sort of thing, and Mary Turner must have possessed some rare secret. I had quite forgotten the fact that, as a revenge upon her former employer, she "had his blood," or at least his flesh and blood, for she married his son. Despite the opposition of Mary Turner, the gang jumped at the idea of a burglary—indeed, the rogues must have been very hard up, seeing that they tried to burgle a set of tapestries alleged, on the flimsiest hearsay evidence, to be worth a hundred thousand pounds. No self-respecting burglar steals that kind of thing: the only people who give huge prices for tapestry would know that specimens of such value must have been stolen, and could not be exhibited on their walls. The "fence" would have found the "loot" as difficult to dispose of as Hyde Park or the Crystal Palace if some enterprising burglar had brought them to him.



A WELL-MEANING
SNAKE-IN-THE-GRASS
SOLICITOR: GEORGE
DEMAREST (MR. E.
LYALL SWETE).
CARICATURED BY
H. M. BATEMAN.

And the Acting. Let nobody jeer at melodrama, which is all the rage at present, and has never been out of fashion during my short life, except in the periods when there have not been any good ones on the stage. The superior person—of course, I am one of them, perhaps the most superior—doesn't hanker after it, unless it is so good that it is not melodrama. The great-souled public revels in works such as "Within the Law," with its thrilling story, its chunks of pathos, and its silent romance of the unuttered love of the romantic forger, Joe Garson, for the beautiful heroine, and its humour when old Gilder discovers that his son has married the girl whom he has prosecuted successfully for shop-lifting, and its happy ending for everyone of importance, except Joe Garson, who seems to have a chance of doing a two-step without a floor. And there is the acting—the superb performance by Miss Edyth Goodall, just discovered by the great triumvirate—Tree, Harrison, and Faraday; and Miss Mabel Russell, exceedingly funny as a dreadfully wicked young person. E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



EXCUSABLE CURIOSITY.—MARY: I want to see the face of every man in this room.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "WITHIN THE LAW."

FOR SALE



THE INGENIOUS MELODRAMA AT THE HAYMARKET: CHARACTERS CARICATURED.

"Within the Law," by Bayard Veiller, adapted for the English stage by Frederick Fenn and Arthur Wimperis, is running successfully at the Haymarket.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BAZAAR METHODS IN THE STREETS! WELL—



1. CATCHING A CUSTOMER IN PARK LANE: LADY PILKINGTON.
2. UNWORRIED BY RUMOURED CABINET MOVES: MR. JOHN BURNS BUYS A ROSE.
3. IN ST. JAMES'S STREET: MRS. MONTGOMERIE AND MRS. KITSON.
4. OUTSIDE THE RITZ: LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE.

5. ON PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY'S MINIATURE MOTOR-CAR: MISS LEONIDE K. MORGAN.
6. THE LADIES TO WHOM PRESIDENT POINCARÉ PAID £5 FOR ROSES: MME. BITTENCOURT AND HER ENGLISH FRIENDS.
7. QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S HINT TO THE PEOPLE: HER MAJESTY HOLDING UP A BUNCH OF ROSES WHILE DRIVING WITH QUEEN MARY.

Alexandra Day was a great success, and a very considerable sum must have been collected for Queen Alexandra's charities by the many ladies who sold the artificial wild roses—by bazaar methods, a combination of fascination and pay-what-you-will! The occasion was made the more interesting by the fact that, for an hour and three quarters, Queen Alexandra and Queen Mary drove through many of the streets in which the flowers were being sold. The roses in question—of which some ten millions were made—were the work of cripples. There can have been but few Londoners who had not at least one of them by the end of the day, whether he or she paid the humble copper for it, or silver, or gold. Many well-known people

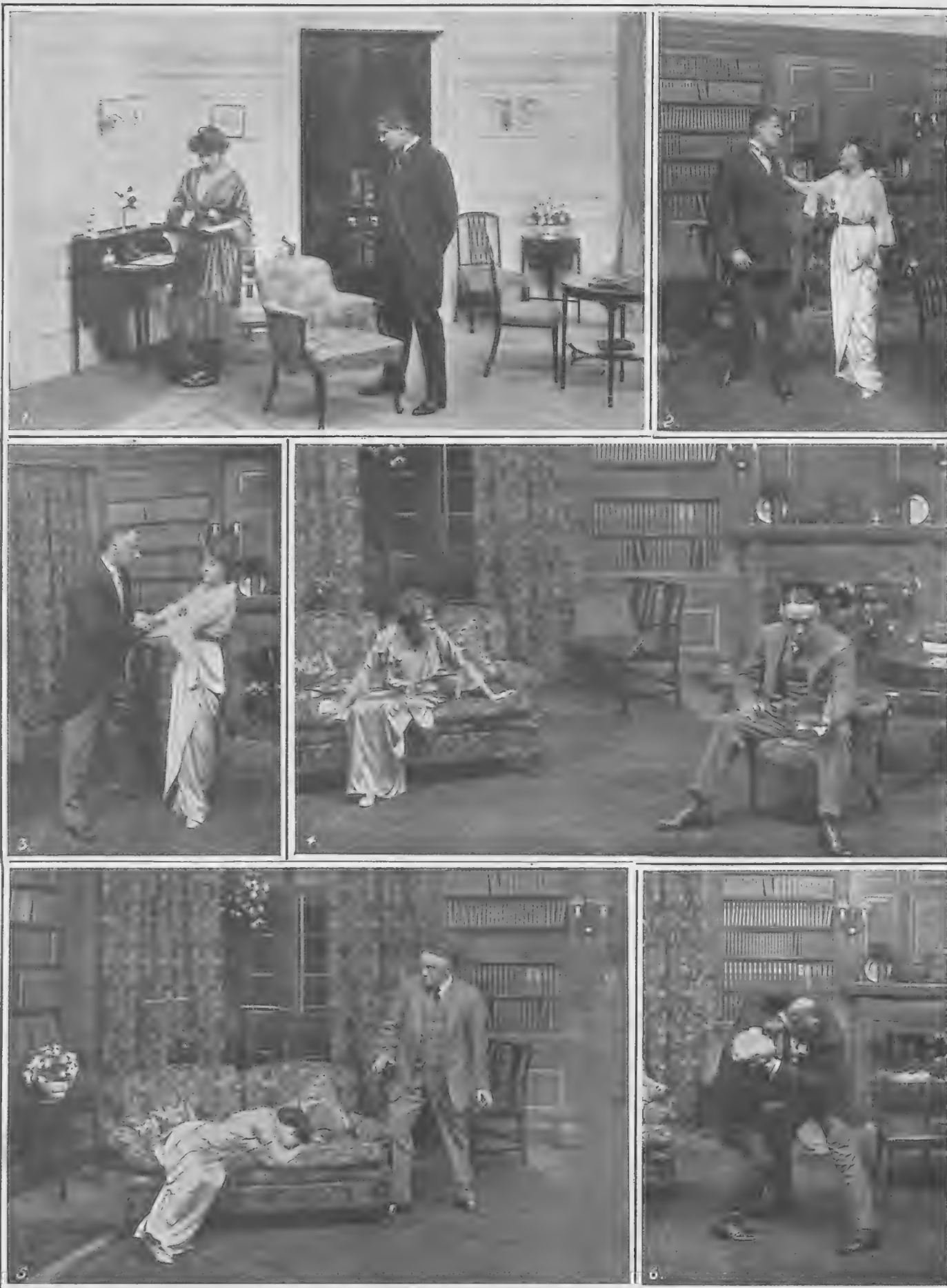
KNOWN SELLERS OF ALEXANDRA ROSES.



8. AT THE STALL WHICH MADE THE LARGEST COLLECTION—AT THE SAVOY: MME. DE LA FAYE; THE HON. MRS. CHARLES CRAVEN, WHO STARTED THE SALE BY A GIFT OF £50; AND MME. DE MERANDON.
9. TACKLING ROYALTY: OFFERING ROSES TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
10. LADIES ACTING AS AUCTIONEERS AT THE BALTIC: THE HON. MRS. HARRY LAWSON, MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON (WITH HAMMER), AND MISS CICELY VILLIERS.
11. OUTSIDE PRINCE'S RESTAURANT: MISS DUBOSC TAYLOR AND MISS LOWTHER, NIECE OF LORD LONSDALE.
12. AFTER THE PRIME MINISTER: A FLOWER-SELLER AFTER MR. ASQUITH, AT THE GUILDHALL.

were amongst the saleswomen, and there were, of course, many interesting phases in the disposal of the flowers. Several sellers were at the Markets soon after their opening; others were to be found, for example, at Covent Garden Opera House during the performance. M. Poincaré wishing to buy roses, Mlle. Bittencourt and some English friends went to York House, where the President gave £5 for some of the flowers. At the Baltic, the Hon. Mrs. Harry Lawson, Miss Phyllis Broughton, and Miss Cicely Villiers sold Alexandra roses by auction. In the photograph they are seen on the rostrum; below them are Mrs. Mervyn Spier, Mrs. Foster Fraser, Miss Jefferson Cohn, and Mrs. Sygne Hutchison. £35 was realised in six minutes.

A FAMOUS MELODRAMA REVIVED: "JIM THE PENMAN."



1. MRS. RALSTON (MISS GRACE LANE) PRODUCES THE LETTER WHICH SHE BELIEVES LOUIS PERCIVAL (MR. GODFREY TEARLE) WROTE BREAKING OFF THEIR ENGAGEMENT.
3. JAMES RALSTON (MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL) AND MRS. RALSTON (MISS GRACE LANE) AFTER THE WIFE HAS FOUND OUT THAT HER HUSBAND IS JIM THE PENMAN.
5. MRS. RALSTON AND JAMES RALSTON AFTER THE DISCOVERY THAT THE LOUIS PERCIVAL LETTER WAS FORGED BY RALSTON.

2. MR. GODFREY TEARLE AS LOUIS PERCIVAL AND MISS GRACE LANE AS MRS. RALSTON.
4. MRS. RALSTON WATCHES THE FACE OF HER HUSBAND AS HE OPENS THE LETTER IN WHICH SHE HAS PUT THE NOTE WHICH BROKE OFF HER ENGAGEMENT WITH LOUIS PERCIVAL.
6. THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN BARON HARTEFELDT AND JAMES RALSTON, WHICH ENDS IN THE LATTER'S SUDDEN DEATH FROM HEART DISEASE.

That famous old melodrama, Sir Charles Young's "Jim the Penman," is being presented at the Comedy Theatre in somewhat revised form. The action has two distinct phases. In the first case, there are the letters supposed to have been written by Mrs. Ralston before her marriage, and by Louis Percival breaking off the engagement between them. These were in reality the work of James Ralston, otherwise Jim the Penman. The other phase is the last coup of the gang, which results in the stealing

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

[Continued opposite.

NOW AT THE COMEDY THEATRE: "JIM THE PENMAN."



1. CAPTAIN REDWOOD, THE DETECTIVE, SHOWS THAT HE HAS THE DRELCOURT JEWELS, WHICH WERE STOLEN FROM THE BANK BY THE GANG HEADED BY BARON HARTFELDT AND JAMES RALSTON, OTHERWISE THE FORGER, JIM THE PENMAN: MR. FISHER WHITE AS BARON HARTFELDT, MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AS CAPTAIN REDWOOD, AND MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS JAMES RALSTON.

2. CAPTAIN REDWOOD HOLDS UP BARON HARTFELDT AFTER THE SUDDEN DEATH OF JIM THE PENMAN: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS JAMES RALSTON, MR. FISHER WHITE AS BARON HARTFELDT, AND MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AS CAPTAIN REDWOOD.

Continued.

of the family jewels of Lord Drelncourt, who is about to marry James Ralston's daughter. The two, of course, commingle. In the unravelling of the mystery of the first, Mrs. Ralston herself plays considerable part; in the family jewels episode, Captain Redwood, the detective, is the chief figure. In the end, Jim the Penman dies suddenly; and the scandals are hushed up for the sake of his wife and his daughter. "Jim the Penman" was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on March 25, 1886. The late Arthur Dacre then played the name-part (he was succeeded by Mr. E. S. Willard); and Sir Herbert (then, of course, Mr.) Tree was the Baron Hartfeldt.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

AT THE SIGN OF THE SWAN: THE WHITE BIRD OF HAPPINESS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE sun is up; I am not yet, but already I hear them passing under my windows. Their steps are light with happiness, youth, and rubber soles. Yet I hear them pass, I know they pass—I have seen them pass last Sunday, the Sunday before, and all the sunny Sundays that God made. The lane under my room is so lonesome in winter that a footstep outside sends the maids flying to the kitchen window. Since the beginning of the river era that lane is as full of gladsome noises as a wood in May. They pass two or four, or even six, at a time. When they are two, they walk together, not arm in arm, but very close, he carrying a tea-basket, she cushions and a rug, and a scarlet sunshade. When they are four or six, the girls walk in front, half-whispering, half-giggling together, and turning back every two steps to look at the boys who follow them. Ah, those "bohhoys"! How they walk with a manly stoop, with a conquering laugh, talking in a loud voice, and smoking louder cigars, the smell of which comes up to my window like incense. I need not get up to look at them; I have seen them pass so often, those triumphant river-lovers: both so fresh in white and tender colours. She tripping in a skirt so narrow that she can hardly walk in it, far less could she swim if their vessel should capsize. Her shoulders are bound by kimono sleeves which prevent her from raising her arms; by what miracle does she manage to punt?—for punt she does: most of these river couples prefer punts to either skiff or canoe. It is more picturesque, and less likely to upset at some imprudent *élan*. As Germaine once said naughtily, "A canoe is a certificate of good behaviour"! One does not see very many canoes on the good old river Thames. But this is an idle parenthesis. The boy is as magnificent as his Sunday girl. He is immaculate, he is dazzling—not by an excess of bright hues, but by an admirable spruceness. He manages to be at the same time, and in the highest degree, clean, "creased," and comfortable. I wonder what he puts on his hair? Brilliantine alone cannot be responsible for its solid brilliancy. His hair looks like a compact crest—a shiny skull-cap. They pass, the Sunday couples, radiantly, irresistibly happy. Should it rain? They have macintoshes and their damp-proof good-humour! I have seen lovers in Hyde Park, on a December afternoon, sitting under a blizzard with their feet in the snow. I have seen lovers on the Thames under a diluvian rain, drifting happily towards a blissful land, with their mooring-rope floating behind like a snake among sea-weeds. They pass, the river lovers, they pass under my windows; they are talking in a low voice—those must be two

The boy's voice rises suddenly. "Glorious!" says he. "Glorious!"—it is a whole chant in one word, a chant to the sun and its day, to life at its beginning, to womanhood in a muslin robe, to the all-round greenness, and to the Father Thames—"Father-in-law Thames" (to quote Germaine), waiting grey and placid, and oh, so fatherly, at the bottom of the lane. There remains a "two-step" yet to be written—yes, incredible as it may seem, "The March of the River Twain." What a splendid onomatopoeia it would make! The going trip-trip-trip on the dry road, the running, and the stopping to gaze under the broad-brim hat, the rhythmic caress of the oars on the water, the shivering of the willows under which refuge is sought—and well they may shiver, willows were sentimental trees ever!—the lazy murmur of voices made softer by content and the descending evening, the silence and the kisses—the kisses and the silence—this should occupy several bars, or it might be the *leit-motif*: why not?—if it is "*pour le bon motif*," as prudent mammas say in France. Then they return home: Slower movement—drag - drag - drag; the steps have become more rhythmic, more *ensemble*, for the excellent reason that the boy's arm is round the girl's waist. The stoppings are more frequent and longer than in the morning—the parting is so near!

The other Sunday evening our punt was resting between the fantastic roots of an enormous willow. It was nine o'clock, and there was no moon. We of the punt were silent, not because of too much to say, but because, being a family quartet, the interesting things to say had been finished by breakfast time. As silent as ours, a punt passed us by, long, enigmatic, and dangerously near—like any punt in the night. Between the two nearest roots of the willow-tree came the punt for a hard-sought asylum—it is so difficult to be alone when one is two! And the giddy skippers of the boat never saw us. Should we have coughed, or sneezed, or exclaimed as to the beauty of the night? Competitors of those strange "etiquette puzzles" in the ladies' journals might be able

to answer this. We neither coughed nor sneezed, and enjoyed the beauty of the night non-verbally. I believe we lacked presence of mind—or perhaps we did not wish to condemn those poor boat-twain to further peregrination. Whatever the reason, we went on being apathetically and silently happy.

Half-an-hour after, to our indulgent ears, a feminine purr from the neighbouring punt announced sweetly, "Oh, Gooly - Booly dearest, I shall never dare go home without any hairpins!"

And stupid and manly came the answer, "Can't you plait it or something?"

Upon which we laughed aloud, and—*finita la comedia!*



EXHIBITING DRESS AT THE WELCOME CLUB, AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION: A PARISIAN COSTUME DISPLAYED.

Photograph by Record Press.



AS "FANS": THE HON. MRS. MARCONI (1) AND LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON (2) AT A BASEBALL MATCH.

The Hon. Mrs. Marconi is the wife of the inventor of the famous wireless system, and is a half-sister of Lord Inchiquin. She is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, it will be recalled, has been dancing on the stage in America, with at least as great success as when she performed classical dances at the Palace Theatre here, and in the Volks-Theater, Vienna. "Fan," it may be noted, is short for "fanciers" of baseball.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

Those Who Beat Us!

V.—He was plus four at Cambridge; said he didn't mind nine holes, as there was no one else to play with. Did the first in 2, and then declared the ball wasn't true. He was 4 up at the fourth, and then began to teach me—that did it!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

JEUX — D'ESPRIT : SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

FOR SALE.



"LA TRAGÉDIE D'UN JEU DE BOULE". DANCED BY THE LISZENST VITILAS.

FOR SALE.



"LE SPECTRE DU VERT": DANCED BY THE MIKST FOURSOMZ BALLET.

NOTE.—In connection with these drawings, our readers are reminded that the theme of "Jeux," one of the new ballets being presented at Drury Lane by the Russian Ballet, is the hunting for a lost lawn-tennis ball after a game.

JEUX — D'ESPRIT : SUGGESTIONS FOR THE RUSSIAN BALLET.



"APRÈS L'INTERVAL DE THÉ": DANCED BY THE PLAYERSKIS.



"LE CARNAVAL DE TENNIS": DANCED BY THE MIKST DOUBLES QUARTETTE.

NOTE.—In connection with these drawings, our readers are reminded that the theme of "Jeux," one of the new ballets being presented at Drury Lane by the Russian Ballet, is the hunting for a lost lawn-tennis ball after a game.



THE PERFECT TRAVELLER BY CAR: A BARONESS'S HINTS.*

Milestones and Finger-Posts.

The Baroness Campbell von Laurentz's "Motor Milestones" are by no means pretentious, nor, of course, are they those of any very long way of life. Yet, at once, they mark periods of a career of touring by car which began thirteen years ago—not a length of time to be despised in the hustling history of the motor—and a budget of

useful information for those who, urged by the writer's example, wish to go and do likewise. Of the journeyings themselves the author may be left to chat with the readers of her book. Some few of her hints may be reproduced here, to act as finger-posts to the rest and to the narrative in general.

All About Some Formalities.

First, as Mrs. Glasse, of pious memory, would have put it, catch your car. Then take common-sense and maps, and knowledge and imagination, mix them well, stir gently, set to cool—and the dish is ready. The Baroness does not name the ingredients so, but that is what she means.

A COMPLIMENT OR NOT? THE ROCK WHICH GAVE ITS NAME TO THE VICTORIA TUNNEL, BECAUSE THE ENGINEERS THOUGHT IT SUGGESTED THE PROFILE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A correspondent writes: "The remarkable Victoria Tunnel, situated at a height of 3000 feet above sea-level, and overlooking the Rhone Valley, is on the south-approach line to the Lötschberg Tunnel. It has been called the 'Victoria Tunnel' because the engineers fancied that the outline of the rock behind which it runs resembles the profile of the late Queen Victoria, wearing her crown."—[Photograph by Grande.]

She divides her advice into five sections, with capital letters, and with especial application to France: Formalities, Luggage, Publications, Hotels, and Tyres. With regard to the first, she says, "You cannot do better than consult the Touring Club Department of the Royal Automobile Club as to your route, and how to convey your car across the Channel. From them also you will obtain a 'G.B.' plaque, indicating that you come from Great Britain. This and an 'International Travelling Pass' enable you to travel in foreign countries without special numbers or licenses. You must go through an examination in driving (if you drive yourself), as must also your chauffeur." A photograph of your car is no longer a compulsory part of your equipment, but you must have one, a couple of inches square or so, of everyone who intends to drive, as well as a detailed description of the car. "The R.A.C. will also get you triptychs, which are passes into the different countries . . . showing that you have already paid duty on your car; and these will save you all money transactions at the frontiers. They consist of three sections, one of which has to be given up on entering the country, and another on leaving. All must be signed. The third form you must keep carefully, as upon it depends the return of your money." Further, there is a most necessary warning. "See that it is stamped and signed by the Customs officials when leaving the country to which the form applies. It is no part of the officials' duty to stop the car in order that the exit may be registered on the Customs paper; therefore you must see to this yourself. At a frontier you will always be stopped on

entering, but you may, by mistake, run past the exit. Be sure you go back again if you do." Then, as to petrol: that in the tank must be emptied before shipment to France or to England.

The Carriage of Luggage.

Luggage, or, rather, the carriage of luggage, is of the utmost importance. Ingenuity has devised many capital dodges for storage. The Baroness advocates two collapsible boxes, say, eighteen inches by eighteen, for setting side by side on the grille at the back of the car; a hold-all; a "chauffeur's case," strapped inside the spare tyre, for hats; a suit-case shaped box under the back seat, for the chauffeur's things; a canvas waterproof bag, hung on to the back of the front seat, for macintoshes and odds and ends likely to be required at a moment's notice; a patent-leather box, hooked on to the dash, for maps, tickets, and so on; and a picnic-basket. Tools are in drawers under the steps; sparking-plugs and other small accessories, in drawers under the front seat; a padded box, used as a foot-stool, contains a spare two-gallon can of "essence." Then the Baroness has another excellent idea. "I always drive," she writes, "with a wedge-shaped leather cushion, which matches the car, securely fastened to the back of my seat by straps. This was heavy, and a great waste of space, so I took out the stuffing, lined the interior with tussore silk (in which I made little pockets), and had a flap made for the cushion which fastened down with glove-button clips on the side nearest the back of the seat. Into this I now pack all I want for the night. Night and dressing-gowns roll up at the bottom, flat brush and comb in case, slippers, etc., at the back, and, in front, my down pillow. All the little odds and ends in the pockets behind the pillow. Lastly, if the cushion is not full enough, my hot-water bottle can be inflated with air. . . . A handle along the top makes it easy to carry."

Maps, Tyres—and Your Hotel.

Following come notes of considerable value on choice of maps, of tyres—the greatest expense—and of hotels, with such remarks as: "If you start with the idea that you will keep the same hours

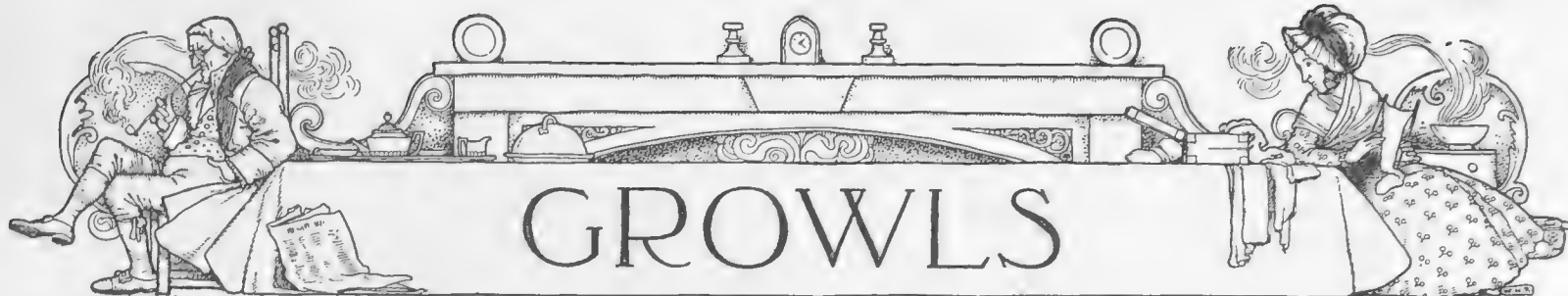
as: "If you start that you are accustomed to in England, you will be bitterly disappointed, and may exclaim: 'Where are the vaunted inns of France?' " When you are dealing with the small country inns, you must be Romans in Rome and have your coffee and rolls at eight; your lunch at noon; your dinner at six. And: "If you are in doubt, by the way, as to where to stop for lunch, choose an 'Hôtel du Commerce,' for the *commis voyageur* knows where to find good food." The Baroness's reason for writing her book is given in her Introduction. She was struck by a remark that it seems to be taken for granted nowadays that everybody knows all about foreign tours by car, whereas they certainly do not and must frequently seek help. She was asked to set down her experiences; she has done so; they should be helpful.



MOST APPROPRIATELY, IN CHINA! A VASE GATE IN PEKING.

Photograph by Spero.

* "My Motor Milestones." By Baroness Campbell von Laurentz. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.; 5s. net.)



THE PUSILLANIMITY OF THE PUBLIC: A PLEA FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT.

A DEVASTATING blight has fallen upon the theatres of the Metropolis during the current season. In two instances new plays have achieved a run of only six nights, while a third new production was withdrawn after its fourth performance. In addition to these calamities, rumour is persistent in telling us that several other theatrical ventures are only living from day to day and from hand to mouth. Now this is, from many points of view, an extremely serious condition of things. Either some remedy must be found for it or the West End of London will shortly consist in the main of avenues of picture-palaces; but before we are in a position to hit upon the requisite remedy it would be advisable to ascertain wherein lies the reason for this eminently regrettable slump. Some will at once be disposed to lay the charge on the shoulders of the critics, and it will be asserted that to the hypercritical form of their

attitude is due the studied abstinence of the playgoer. Others, again, will insist that our playwrights have lost—or at any rate mislaid—the knack of putting together the sort of stuff that attracts, and that until they recover the art they and the managers must be content to stand with twiddled thumbs and watch their former patrons pass coldly by and deposit themselves in music-halls and picture-palaces, or even, at a

never have had the nerve to claim for itself. Once get the public inside the walls of a theatre and it is just as likely to enjoy a bad play as a good one, and possibly more likely; and, as a fact, it cannot be claimed that any one of these recent failures has been caused by the author committing the heinous offence of writing above the heads of the people. To assert that the public is to be allowed to judge for itself in these matters is to maintain that the mission of the theatre is to supply the public with what it likes, while the stern reality is that it is the duty of the public to like what the theatre gives it. Things will have come to a pretty pass when ordinary persons are given permission to pick and to choose, and to accord or withhold their presence at their own sweet wills.

What It Must Come To.

I see the time rapidly approaching when this matter must claim the very serious attention of the authorities. We cannot submit to seeing our gifted dramatists drifting into starvation simply because an addle-plated and apathetic public has ceased to have the moral and physical courage to sit out their *chefs-d'œuvre*. The inhabitants of London—aye, and of the suburbs—must be forcibly and even rudely awakened to a sense of decency. Just as jury-boxes receive their full complement of occupants with the assistance of the long arm of the Law, so, as things are now going, will it become necessary to fill our theatres by means of legal compulsion. The nation must not be allowed to lapse into a state of luxurious decadence. It must be made to pull itself together and show that the descendant of the Viking is still hardy enough to stand the wear and tear of a play, however indifferent or however bad the professional critics may proclaim it to be. If the inhabitants of these islands have indeed lost the bull-dog character which used to be their proudest boast, and will not fulfil a national duty voluntarily, then, rather than that the British Drama should die of inanition, the Law must devise machinery and set it in motion. Possibly Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C., might be induced to undertake forthwith the patriotic task of introducing an Endurance Bill into the lower House of Parliament?

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



ON ENCHANTRESS, WINNER OF THE BERLIN CUP FOR THE BEST LADY'S HACK BETWEEN 14'2 AND 15'2 HANDS, MRS. W. N. CHAPMAN AT OLYMPIA.

Photograph by Sport and General.

pinch, in a concert-room. Now I, for one, am firmly convinced that neither of these contentions goes anywhere near to the root of the matter. I do not pretend to deny that the critics have slashed with unusual ferocity; but, when all is said and done, they have not acted of malice prepense. They have slashed according to their lights, and, after all, it is their business to inform a waiting world when a play, in their opinion, is not up to the mark. Neither do I uphold that these slighted plays have been models of everything a play ought to be. I feel sure that they must have contained defects, or the critics would not have said they did. I believe there is, underlying all this, a deeper and more sinister reason.

The Why and the Wherefore.

Far away at the back of my mind is rooted the conviction that all this deplorable happening is the result of an absence of stamina and loss of its powers of endurance on the part of the British Public as at present constituted, which has merely seized upon the condemnatory notices of the critics as an excuse for evading its duties and shirking its responsibilities. It is idle to pretend that, just because a play is not a good one, it is not, therefore, the precise kind of play the public would particularly like. Why, I ask, is the public permitted to continue to exist? Surely not for the purpose of differentiating between the masterpieces of our modern geniuses, and daring to refuse its support to certain productions on the grounds that they are not good enough for it. To support such a view would be to concede to the public a right which it would



WITH MOTOR-GOGGLES ON HIS HAT: MR. WALTER WINANS, WITH THE ELF, AT OLYMPIA.

Photograph by Sport and General.



MANNING HER HORSE CHARMINGLY: MISS RUTH BOYD ASTRIDE CREAK BEAUTY, AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, AT OLYMPIA.

Photograph by Sport and General.



STALL No. C 6.

By THEO MONSON.

"AND so you see, dearest, you simply *must* go," murmured the sufferer, burying her poor little red nose in an enormous pocket-handkerchief reeking of eucalyptus. "Jack would never forgive me if the ticket wasn't used. He was so pleased when Mr. Hilton sent me one for his new play. Jack thinks no end of him since he was so good about introducing him to those people in the City who have taken up his patent. 'Tischa—'tischa—oh dear, oh dear!"—and poor Mrs. Carlton looked an object for deep commiseration as she gazed imploringly at her cousin out of dimmed and streaming eyes.

"It's quite impossible for you to go, Molly dear, and I should love to see 'Blows and Kisses,' of course." But Betty's voice was still a little doubtful, and she drew her pretty eyebrows together in some perplexity.

Molly looked at her watch-bracelet and gave a little scream.

"Betty, go and dress at once—do you hear?—or you'll miss the 1.35 train."

"But, dear, do listen—suppose this Mr. Hilton should hear that you had passed his precious ticket on to someone else?"

Betty's arguments were getting feebler.

"I *know* I shall have a temperature with all this worry"—Mrs. Carlton pressed a hand to her aching forehead. "Why on earth should he mind? Besides, even if he was at the theatre to-day, which is *most* unlikely, he would never know unless someone told him—because he's never seen me! Jack's always trying to arrange a meeting, and I am dying to know him—he's so good-looking, I believe, and so popular. But something has always happened, so far, to prevent our meeting. So you are perfectly safe. Now—will you go and dress?"

Betty felt she could hold out no longer, and was secretly longing to go.

"All right, darling, don't worry your poor head any more. I'm sure I shall enjoy myself immensely."

Just as she reached the door, however, she suddenly stood still with an exclamation of dismay.

"What is it *now*—afraid of meeting your Aunt Maria?" gasped her cousin faintly.

"Aunt Maria be —!" was the undutiful response. "I've suddenly remembered that I've absolutely nothing to wear, Molly."

"If *that's* all—how you frightened me! Go at once and ring for Louise, and tell her to give you the frock I was going to wear to-day—toque, gloves—everything. Take anything else you like, and stick to them all. I never want to be reminded of this awful day again."

"Poor Molly, she's evidently feeling pretty bad," thought her cousin, as she closed the bedroom door behind her at last and hurried to summon the French maid to her assistance. "In for a penny, in for a pound. What a lucky thing Molly and I can wear each other's clothes! I will make the most of this unusual burst of generosity for once. She'll want everything back again when she's better!"

"What, *you* here, Hilton?" said a voice at the playwright's ear. "Run away home, old chap. I shan't be able to yawn now when I'm bored."

Hilton, turning, met a merry twinkle in the eyes of the man who stood beside him.

"That decides me. Now I shall certainly stay," he laughed back. "I only ran down for a few minutes to speak to my manager."

"By the way," said his friend, "if you don't mind, I wish you'd tell me where you find those excellent cigars of yours that we had that night I dined with you. Just scribble it down for me, old chap, will you?"

"By all means, my dear fellow"—and Hilton fumbled in his pockets for a piece of paper to write on.

"Ah, here's a bit"—and he tore the blank page off a letter. In so doing, his eyes caught the concluding sentence on the other half of the sheet—

"Thanking you again so much for the ticket,—Yours very truly,
"MOLLY CARLTON."

"I remember, I sent her a Third Row, Stall No. 6, for this very afternoon. Nice chap, Carlton; fancy that I've never met his wife. Considered rather a beauty too, I believe. I wonder if she'll turn up?" So he mused, while hastily scribbling the desired address.

"Here you are, Fellowes"—and he handed him the paper.

"Many thanks, old chap. Now I'd better find my wife; she's here already. So long."

"Good-bye," said Hilton, smiling. "I'm off directly, so you'll be able to indulge in an afternoon siesta to your heart's content."

As his friend moved on to his seat, a vision in palest grey, a whiff of violets, and a fair, piquant face under golden curls swept past Hilton, and stood hesitating for a moment till a white-aproned attendant guided her to her seat.

"Stall C 6," muttered Hilton, as he bent forward a little eagerly. "By Jove, it is too—Carlton's a lucky fellow."

The slender grey figure sank gracefully on to the red plush seat turned down for her.

"What a lovely girl! And all alone, too. I ought to have sent her two tickets."

The stalls next her on both sides were so far empty. The soft strains of the overture stole upon the air. It was the month of May—the spring of the year—and Cecil Hilton was still a comparatively young man.

"On second thoughts, I'm glad I sent only one ticket."

He beckoned a passing attendant and whispered a few words. With nod and smile at the author, whom she recognised, the girl hurried off to do his bidding.

Hilton waited impatiently; the overture was drawing to a close. Breathless in her haste to please, the girl returned.

"It is all right, Sir," she gasped. "No. 7 Stall in Row Three is not taken."

Hilton nodded, with inward satisfaction, and pressed something into the girl's hand. Still for a moment he hesitated. "Should he—should he not?" Men always spoke of Cecil Hilton as "a rattling good sort—as straight as they make 'em." The call of the year pleaded within him.

"Mayn't I see my own play from the point of view of the stalls if I want to?"—he defied the faint murmurs of conscience.

Thus it came about that Mr. Arthur Fellowes, to his disgust, saw the Author drop leisurely into a stall a few rows in front of his just as the lights were lowered, and the curtain rose upon Act I.

Betty, absorbed as she was in the attractions of the opening scene, was still conscious, womanlike, of the close proximity of the clean-shaven, well-groomed man in the next stall. A faint aroma of excellent tobacco pleased her youthful senses, and also a pair of blue eyes—Irish eyes, she thought—that often turned her way when their owner thought she was not looking. Betty was looking very lovely in Molly's clinging crêpe-de-Chine draperies, with old lace round the opening at the soft young throat encircled by pearls—Molly's pearls! The daintiest cap of pale Parma violets, with a soft rim of grey tulle, covered the golden curls; and she wore real violets at her waist. Add, too, dancing brown eyes and a most attractive dimple which came and went at the corner of her perfect mouth.

No wonder Hilton's pulses beat, as he stole furtive glances at all this loveliness. Would the first act never end? What a stupid play it was, after all. And he had written it! And—been rather conceited about it, too. "Mrs. Carlton" seemed, however, to be thoroughly enjoying herself, her lips curving in delicious smiles, occasionally a tiny burst of laughter. At last, down came the drop-scene, up went the lights, and Hilton turned at once to his fair neighbour.

"May I introduce myself, Mrs. Carlton?" he said with his most courteous smile. "I am Hilton. I've wanted to meet you for ever so long, but my luck was always out."

Betty's big eyes opened a little wider. Apprehension filled her heart, but love of adventure ran it close. Then her spirits rose to the occasion. Molly had said she didn't care *what* she took. Very well. A wicked dimple showed in her cheek. She would take Molly's name.

[Continued overleaf.]

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!

FOR SAT.



XX.—THE MAN WHO DOESN'T LIKE LIGHTNING.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"Please forgive me, Mr. Hilton," she apologised in her prettiest manner. "I was startled for a minute. I am so glad to meet you, and it was so *very* kind of you to send me a ticket. I think your play is charming. I love it!"

What a child she was, Hilton thought, and what an enchanting one, too!

"Then it must be good, though I had begun to think it was very stupid just now," he replied, watching the bewitching face and the eyes that continually hid themselves under white lids and golden lashes. "How is it that we haven't met before, Mrs. Carlton?"

Betty put her head on one side. This was really most enjoyable—but what a "gay dog," this good-looking author-man!

"I've existed for—oh, well, some years," was her demure answer, looking down at her violets and tucking them more securely into her waist-belt. "But doubtless you've been better employed, writing plays, and so forth."

"What a fool I've been!" was his despondent answer, at which Betty dimpled more than ever. "When your husband asked me down to your place the other day, I—I actually allowed business to come first."

Betty's soft laugh rang out. This was making quick running indeed. But it set her pulses beating most unusually.

"Well, the place is still there, and so are Jack and I, Mr. Hilton; and so is—the invitation."

"But how more than good of you after my unpardonable *bêtise*," humbly murmured Cecil Hilton, the *enfant gâté* of Society. "Don't think me horribly impertinent, Mrs. Carlton," he continued, "but surely—you can't have been married very long?"

Betty shook with inward laughter, while she pressed a lace handkerchief to her rosy lips.

"No, no," she hastened to reply, stumbling over her words in her amusement. "Not at all—I mean," seeing his look of surprise. "The fact is, I don't want to talk about it just now," and her naughty little face assumed the expression of an injured martyr. "It's really rather a sore subject. You see, Jack and I have never been really suited to each other."

Cecil Hilton gave a little gasp. "How naïve, and yet how utterly adorable she is," he thought.

"Do forgive me," he murmured in his deep, caressing voice. "I did not know—I'd no idea—I am so sorry. But, please, Mrs. Carlton, don't think about all that now," he said, deepening the tender notes in his voice. "Will you let me try to make you forget all your worries for this afternoon?"

Inwardly he cursed poor Jack Carlton for a careless, unappreciative dog, and yet he had always thought him a particularly good sort.

Betty turned a sweet, sad face to meet his Irish eyes.

"How kind you are to me, Mr. Hilton. As you say, why didn't we meet before? I don't easily make friends" (oh, Betty!) "but with you, I think"—she hesitated—"I could forget . . . for a little," she finished, giving him a bewitching smile which put the finishing touch to her conquest and laid him captive at her feet for ever.

"Shall I tell you my conception of friendship?" he said very softly, turning his eyes away, as if the sight of her sweetness was more than he could bear.

The colour deepened in Betty's face. Why did her heart beat so? What was happening to her? This was different from anything she had ever experienced before. But—why not take what the gods offered, at any rate for one short afternoon? Afterwards—

The violins rose and sank in melodious cadence. The scent of Betty's violets and—other things—went suddenly to Hilton's head.

"I won't tell you," he murmured in her ear, "but I will *show* you, presently, when the lights are down."

Softly the music died away as the scene lifted and the second act began.

During the act Betty had sat motionless, deaf to all around her, sensible only to the surprising fact that she had apparently lost her heart to a man whom she had never seen before.

But she had quite forgotten her part as Molly, the injured wife. It was her real self—Betty—who had allowed this bold, compelling man to gaze into her eyes, to hold her hand. What would happen when he discovered who she was—only a poor little country cousin?

The colour rushed to her face. Of course, he was just amusing himself. It would make no difference to him when he did find out. Betty's spirit rose; she clenched her hands together. So he was just having a little game, doubtless to wile away an idle hour.

Very well; she too would play the game, despite the real ache at her heart. "After all," she thought ruefully, "I've brought it on myself. Still, he had no right to. . . . But, oh, why is he such a dear, all the same?"

She looked up, and, rallying all her forces, gave him a careless little smile.

"May I get you some tea, Mrs. Carlton?" he asked, during the next wait. "It is really quite good here. Or I will take you somewhere afterwards, if you'd rather wait."

"I'm afraid I shouldn't have time afterwards; Jack wouldn't—like it if I was late. But I should like some now very much, thank you," she answered gaily.

It would probably choke her, she thought, but anything was better than to sit doing nothing.

"Will you come up and lunch with me some day?" he pleaded, as they drank their tea together. He leaned a little nearer. "I've just got into my new house. I should so like to show it to you."

"How nice of you!"—Betty was all airy smiles and dimples. "But I mustn't make any rash promises, Mr. Hilton"—he should see that she was by no means so young and friendless, after all. "I have so many—er—acquaintances, and my time is very much taken up."

Oh, dear, why didn't the next act begin? She had no idea it would be quite so hard, with those Irish eyes looking at her, half-puzzled, half-wistful.

Hilton stooped to pick up the handkerchief she had dropped, and gave it back to her, his face somewhat downcast.

Betty lifted the scrap of lace and lawn to her lips to hide an imaginary yawn.

"I'm afraid the interval is rather long," said Hilton, a little stiffly. This was a little too much.

"Oh, not at all," murmured Betty. "But I am longing to see the last act. I am so much interested in your play, you know, Mr. Hilton," she continued, in the new careless tones which puzzled him so. "Ah, there go the lights"—and she turned her face firmly stagewards.

"Does your play end 'And they lived happily ever after,' Mr. Hilton?"—with a little laugh.

"Yes," he answered, rather curtly; "but I'm thinking of altering it now."

Betty's heart beat. The last act: soon it would be all over—perhaps she would never see him again. Already he was vexed with her. Might she not relax for one minute her determination to punish him? Just a little more happiness; just to meet his eyes again.

Trembling a little at her temerity, she murmured, without looking at him, "You have not shown me your conception of friendship yet, Mr. Hilton. Won't you now?"

For a moment he was silent; this sudden change was bewildering.

"What did you think I was trying to show you during the last act?" presently he whispered, under cover of a full chorus.

In the dim light he could see Betty's colour deepen, but she had no words.

"Why were you so different just now," he went on—"so cruel? What have I done?" And as she still said nothing, "You *shall* look at me," he insisted, and once more his hand imprisoned hers.

Slowly she turned her eyes to his; her heart leapt to see the look in them, even while she told herself he did not mean it.

"All my life—all I have—and all I am is at your service," he murmured, his senses reeling at the renewed sweetness of her. "That is my friendship, child. But if only I had met you first—"

The chorus grew louder and louder towards the final ending; people were beginning to gather up their belongings. His fingers touched the violets at her waist.

"Give me them," he pleaded.

In another minute it would be over. For all the ache in her heart, he must not be allowed to go away with the thought of her easy capitulation.

"Please let my hand go at once, Mr. Hilton," she said, in low, peremptory tones.

He obeyed her instantly.

"I only give my flowers to my *friends*," she continued; though the words nearly choked her, she brought them out bravely and steadily. "Words are all very well, but I fear our ideas about friendship would hardly agree."

The orchestra crashed into the National Anthem, the lights went up. Betty rose, and Hilton lifted her long satin cloak on to her shoulders. His lips were a trifle white, and he was breathing quickly.

"For pity's sake, Mrs. Carlton—" he began.

But Betty gave a faint cry.

"Why, there is Jack!" she exclaimed; and Hilton, following the direction of her eyes with sinking heart, recognised the "scoundrel," who, looking remarkably amiable, was beckoning to them from one of the entrances.

"I must keep it up to the end now," poor Betty fiercely admonished her beating heart, as silently they mounted the steps together.

Carlton hurried towards them.

"Hullo, Betty!" he exclaimed. "Hilton, this is an unexpected pleasure. I'd no idea you knew my cousin. Of course, she will have told you," he went on, fortunately not waiting for an answer, "how very sorry my wife was that she was unable to come to-day. She telephoned to me that my cousin, Miss Drummond, had gone instead, and asked me to meet her, if possible."

They were now moving down towards the street entrance.

"Enjoyed yourself, eh, Betty? But I needn't ask."

He looked a little curiously at her flushed cheeks, while Hilton, with an effort, pulled himself together and murmured polite regrets for Mrs. Carlton's indisposition; he was so glad Miss Drummond had been able to use the ticket, and so on.

Inwardly, he was aware of the unpleasing fact that he had lost the best thing life had ever offered her spoiled child.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

WHY EVERYBODY IS GLAD THAT TAYLOR WON: THE TRAGEDY OF MORAN.

Taylor's Fifth. Everybody ought to be glad that J. H. Taylor has won his fifth Open Championship. There are two special reasons for being so. The first of them is that by this victory he has placed himself on an equality with the other members of the triumvirate, Braid and Harry Vardon, in the number of successes achieved in the big event, as many people—including, perhaps, the new champion himself—had begun to think he might not do. Until last week Vardon and Braid led him by a championship, as it were; each of the others having won five, while Taylor himself had only won four. Now these three constitute the famous triumvirate who have achieved such a success in championship golf as even, with all the facts before one, and a full knowledge of all that has taken place and how it has been done, is still almost incomprehensible. They have risen superior to all the luck and chances of the game; they have established a supremacy which has been amazing in its regular effect; and now again, when people had begun to think that their long and glorious reign must soon be ended, one of them has won when the opposition in numbers was greater than it had ever been before, and on a course which somehow seemed prejudiced against them. None



A NEW CONTINENTAL GOLF COURSE: THE CASTLE, ON THE HENDAYE LINKS, SOME ROOMS OF WHICH ARE RESERVED FOR THE CLUB.

The new links are about two miles from the plage of Hendaie, which is in the Basses Pyrénées Department of France, on the Spanish frontier, eighteen miles south-west by west of Bayonne. The castle shown belongs to the French Government and is used as an observatory, but a few of the downstairs rooms are now reserved for the members of the Golf Club. The first tee is just in front of the castle.—[Photograph by Jennings.]

of them had ever won on it previously, as they had done on all the other championship courses. Now Taylor himself was the original member of this triumvirate. He won the championship twice before either of the other parties scored, and, besides his later victories, he has five times been second, so that he cannot be said to be at all lucky in the matter. The triumvirate may be

than any other man at Hoylake, and he came successfully through what I believe is, on the whole, the severest test that has ever been applied in a championship competition. What is needed in a business of this kind is not mere brilliance of play, but perfect steadiness while doing golf of the highest class, and Taylor maintained that steadiness in circumstances when it was enormously difficult to maintain it. That is the test of a really great golfer. The weather was bad enough on the first day of the championship proper, but nobody who was not there can imagine how shockingly bad it was on the morning of the second day, and Taylor had some of the worst of it. A hard gale of wind was blowing across the links, and it was driving sheets of blinding rain almost horizontally before it. Somehow, we nearly always seem to get some of the worst weather of the year at the meetings, but in a long experience I do not remember any championship morning that was quite so bad as this. Yet in such circumstances Taylor did a round without anything worse than a five in it, and if he were to win ten more championships he would never do anything better than that magnificent 77 in the raging Hoylake storm. That was indeed a test for a champion, and the man who survived it as he did well deserves all the highest honours of the game.

What Happened to Moran.

Every championship meeting produces its tragedies, and there were several at Hoylake. Yet I think that one of the greatest tragedies of all is in danger of being overlooked. On the night before the last day

Michael Moran, the Irish player, had a winning chance, but in the storm on the Tuesday morning he had the bad luck to take a ten to the first hole, a shot out of bounds and bunker troubles causing it. He had another bad hole soon afterwards, and the three first holes, which cost him 22 strokes, were done by Taylor in 14. His total for that round was 89, and yet, after that frightful disappointment, he did a 74 in his last round, and that was the best score of the day. He played very great golf at this meeting, and we must think now of a championship going to Ireland, as it has never done yet. It was a deeply interesting meeting; great golf was played at it, but the qualifying competition made it a little wearisome.

HENRY LEACH



THE NEW CONTINENTAL GOLF LINKS: THE SECOND TEE AT HENDAYE.

Photograph by Jennings.

as good now as ever they were; they may play great golf for many years, and I believe they will; but they cannot live and play golf for ever, and the immense pressure of numbers in competition against them must tell in time, and very soon now. If, then, the reign of the triumvirate had ended with Braid and Vardon five times champions, and Taylor in a deficiency compared to them of one, there would have seemed something wrong about it all, and a lack of justice in the inequality: kind Fortune and Hoylake and its weather have placed that matter right, and I am glad that it has been done.

The Perfection of Steadiness. The other of the special reasons for being glad that Taylor has won is that undoubtedly on his play he better deserved to do so



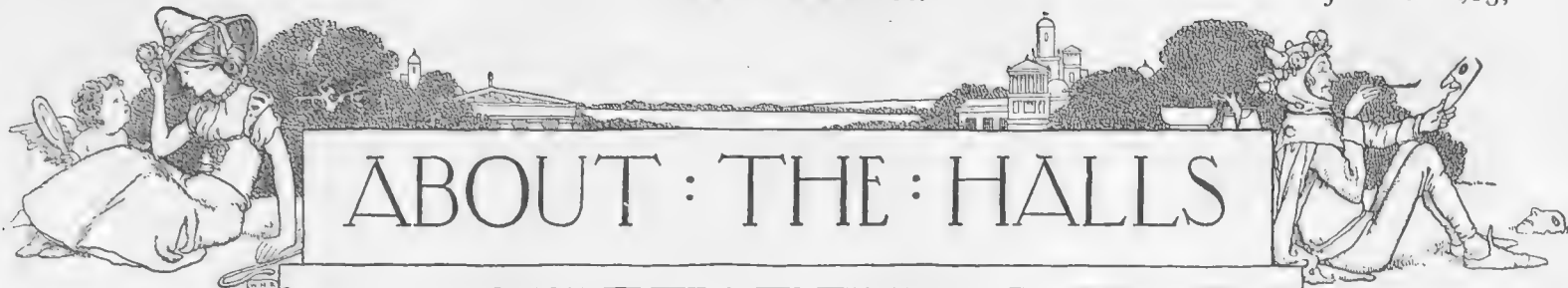
THE NEW CONTINENTAL GOLF LINKS: THE FIFTH GREEN AT HENDAYE.

Photograph by Jennings.



WITH MOUNTAINS OF SPAIN IN THE BACKGROUND: HENDAYE BAY SEEN FROM THE FIRST TEE OF THE NEW LINKS.

Photograph by Jennings.



POTTED "PARSIFAL": AN ORDINARY SKETCH AND AN EXTRAORDINARY ONE.

I CANNOT claim to be in any way an authority on Wagner, but there was one little bit of knowledge on the subject of which I was rather proud to be the possessor, and that was that Richard Wagner had expressed a most earnest desire that his "Parsifal" should never be performed outside Bayreuth, and that his wish has been most religiously respected. But while the hour has not been actually announced, perhaps, when we shall see this work at Covent Garden, there are within a few yards of that building other edifices which must provide novelties at any cost; and what the Opera Syndicate has not yet done *in extenso*, the Coliseum can do in part; also, though the devotee may talk about vandalism, it must be acknowledged that the Coliseum authorities have made every effort to carry through their enterprise, such as it is, in the proper spirit. It is not a little surprising that they have adopted the somewhat old-fashioned medium of the tableau when there is the up-to-date cinematograph at their disposal, but in selecting Mr. Byam Shaw as their designer, they have made the very best choice they could possibly have made; while the presence of Sir Henry J. Wood in the conductor's stand is the surest guarantee that the fullest justice will be done to the music. It can have been no easy task to compress "Parsifal" into an hour's performance, and there was every need for the explanatory booklet which is provided to enable the audience to understand what is going on. This has been compiled by Mr. Richard Northcott, and has been admirably done. In fact, nothing has been neglected. The tableaux are without exception things of beauty, and in particular, the vision of the Magic Garden is a blaze of gorgeous colour; but in spite of it all there are signs of restlessness on the part of the spectators, who, however, accord a great reception to the conductor at the close.

More Patriotism. Not content with the presentation of Mme. Alicia Adelaide Needham's impassioned Patriotic Song Cycle, the Palladium is also showing a "spectacular object-lesson," entitled "War in the Air," which, we are told in the programme, is "Designed to Arouse the National Consciousness to a Sense of its Hovering Peril." This is an extraordinary production. It tells in stilted language of a small boy who has invented a toy aeroplane in which his father discerns the war-machine of the future. The boy expresses the opinion that it is the duty of every true Briton to go into these matters, and his fond mother, half sadly, half proudly, declares that "his future belongs to England." We next find an excited crowd, and a newspaper-boy sings a patriotic song. The enemy is arriving, and we are shown the

wireless station in a conning-tower. There seems to be trouble all round. The boy, who has grown to be admiral of the air-fleet, has a love-affair which is going none too well, and there is more than a suspicion of treachery on the part of a certain mysterious Baron. Everybody concerned, with the exception of the audience, becomes tremendously excited, and the hero talks a great deal, in the deep staccato tones of one on whose shoulders rests the nation's safety. But all is to end satisfactorily. Strange noises are heard, and everyone gazes up into the skies, from which appears an aeroplane. We have won, in spite of the Baron's treachery; the aviator receives the gratifying intimation that he has saved England; and the curtain falls, with perhaps not quite all the applause expected from the spectators, who, possibly, would have been prepared to give a heartier welcome to the turn if it had not been inaugurated by a series of moving pictures of the Imperial Air Committee. Committees are not the most pictorial things in the world, and this particular body is depicted with a collection of elongated heads which gives them a distinctly unimpressive appearance. I very much doubt whether any good service is done to national defence by exhibitions of this kind.



A GREAT DANCER AND RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOST LAWN-TENNIS BALL BULLET, "JEUX", M. NIJINSKY, AS HE IS IN PRIVATE LIFE.

M. Nijinsky, that great dancer who is the bright particular star of the Russian Ballet and is now at Drury Lane, is responsible for "Jeux," which, with its music by Claude Debussy, was produced at Drury Lane the other night and has aroused very considerable controversy.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

A Bright Duologue.

The Tivoli has revived a little sketch which was recently played "by command" before the King and Queen at Sandringham. It is from the pen of Mr. Sewell Collins, and is called "Just Like a Woman," being interpreted by Mr. Yorke Stephens and Miss Margaret Moffat. In their dressing-room in their London flat we find Mr. and Mrs. Van Rypen, who are engaged in a tiff.

Mr. Van Rypen wants to dine at his club, with a view of closing a deal which will bring him in the sum of three thousand pounds, while his wife insists that he and she must keep a dinner engagement; and the lady induces him to do as he is told. Then follows a succession of domestic details. He has difficulties with his safety razor, and still further difficulties in doing up his wife's dress. There is also business with the telephone, and, in accordance with tradition, he loses his collar-stud. Incidentally, the stage is strewn with gloves, shoes, and other articles of feminine attire. Just when confusion is most confounded, the discovery is made that the dinner engagement is not for that evening, after all, and Mr. Van Rypen departs for his club in triumph. Though not distinguished by any great originality, the

sketch is brightly written, and full justice is done to it by Mr. Stephens and Miss Moffat. We hope it amused their Majesties as much as it obviously does the patrons of the Tivoli.—ROVER.



AIIDING FRENCH CHARITIES IN LONDON: MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH WITH HIS DECORATED MOTOR-CAR AT HENDON.

In aid of French charities in London and in honour of M. Poincaré's visit, the Hendon Aerodrome was en fête one day last week, and witnessed an aerial battle of flowers. Standing on the balcony of the French Institute, at the Marble Arch, the President saw the procession of decorated motor-cars on their way to Hendon. Mr. George Grossmith married Miss Gertrude Rudge in 1895, and they have one son and two daughters.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



A LUBRICATING DISCOVERY: SMITH'S FOUR-JET CARBURETTER: TALBOTS TRIUMPHANT.

To Economise Oil.

A lubricating substance distinguished by the indistinctive and non-descriptive name of "Oil-dag" has lately been the subject of some discussion in the columns of the motor Press, and a little pamphlet from the pen of its inventor, the well-known man of scientific research, Dr. Edward G. Acheson, of New York, which has recently come my way, gives its most interesting story. After some efforts in the direction of synthetic rubber, a small sample of which the Doctor produced, he conducted some experiments with clay impregnated with carbon, which he treated in an electric furnace at a temperature to which that of Hades must be Arctic indeed. By these means he found that, at a temperature of 7000 deg. Fahr., he produced a fearfully hard substance which would cut glass like a diamond, which he subsequently named "carborundum"—a material which is fast superseding emery to-day. Now it would be thought that nothing in the shape of a lubricant could possibly issue from such a production; but the learned Doctor, just to see what would happen, raised the temperature of his furnace to a degree immeasurable even by a pyrometer, and found, upon opening it up, that the carborundum had disappeared and an entirely different substance had taken its place.

To the Vanishing Point.

This substance, the Doctor says, is the skeleton of the crystal of carborundum, and is a most beautiful and imponderable form of graphite—not the mechanically produced graphite of commerce, which, I believe, is obtained by grinding, but a material provoked by some chemical change due to the intense heat attained, and which is so fine that its particles must approach the molecule in dimensions. However that may be, it will mingle with acidless water like a fluid, and will pass through filter paper with it. Finding that it would suspend similarly in a good lubricating oil which was also free from acid, Dr. Acheson came to the conclusion that it ought to prove a fine lubricant when so carried, and this was found to be so. Tried in connection with an old Panhard, which was a terrible oil-eater, it so improved the lubrication that, whereas the ancient French car made hay of a gallon or more of lubricating-oil in two hundred miles, it was not long before the car was doing a great deal better, and ultimately required but one gallon of oil-dag-ed oil for seven hundred miles or so. What effect it would have with a modern engine is hard to imagine. The time may indeed come when the oil will be everlasting!

The Smith Carburetter.

Smith and speedometers are practically synonymous terms, in the mind of the average motorist at least, but the comforts and conveniences for the car-owner made and sold by the well-known house of Messrs. S. Smith and Son, Ltd., of 9, Strand, W.C., and elsewhere,

include many other highly ingenious and interesting accessories. Not the least of these is the Smith four-jet carburetter, a petrol-vapourising apparatus which is winning golden opinions for itself on all hands. So large has the demand for this carburetter become that complete and well-equipped works have been installed at 179, Great Portland Street, for the sole purpose of manufacturing what is the life-centre of the motor-car. This carburetter has already been adopted, wholly or in part, by the Humber Motor Company, Crossley Motors, and the Daimler Motor Company, the selection being made by putting the apparatus into competition with others previously used. The fine performance put on at Brooklands by the plucky little 11.8-h.p. Humber coned by Tuck is largely ascribed to the Smith Carburetter. The principle adopted in its design is not only perfectly correct, but is simplicity itself, while its accessibility will appeal to all. There is absolutely nothing to get out of order once the instrument is set to the engine.

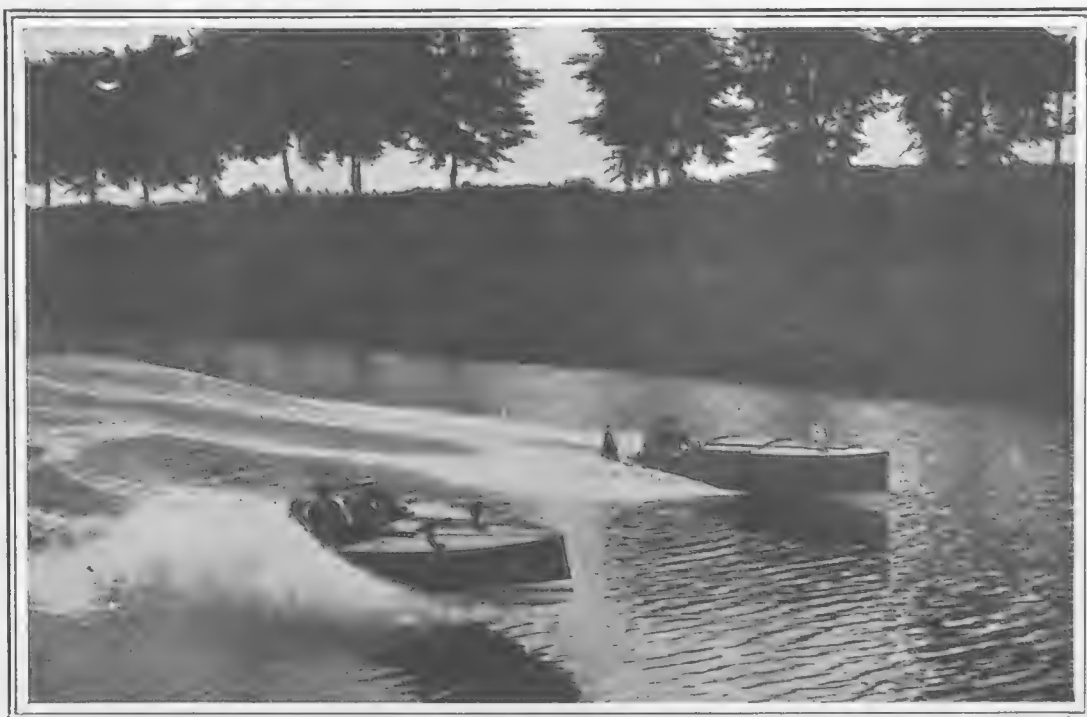
Talbot Triumphs.

The Talbot cars have certainly scored a tall total of triumphs this season up to date. At aristocratic Aston, the first important hill-climb of the year, a Talbot won the Jay Cup, and made fastest time in Class 3. These successes were promptly followed, a fortnight later, by a fine double-event in the classic climb up the severe slope of Shelsley Walsh, when both the cups offered in this event were secured by Talbot cars. A 25-h.p. achieved the fastest time, winning the Midland Automobile Club's Cup, and a 15-h.p. took the handicap and the President's Cup that went with it. In the Mid-Staffordshire A. C.'s Hill-Climb, another double fell to Talbots, when Mr. H. G. Day's 15-h.p. was first, and made fastest time. Nor were they out of the running at Caerphilly Hill - Climb, the event promoted by the Welsh A. C., for out of the four events in which Talbot cars competed, two challenge cups, four gold medals, and two other awards fell to them. Success in other directions is indicated by Talbots finishing first and second for reliability, hill-climbing, and petrol economy in the recent Reliability Trial of the Australian A. C.



NOT TO BE FOLLOWED AT THE MOMENT SHOWN: A NEW MODEL SIGN-POST.

This model sign-post, shown at a recent exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, can have the information upon it changed at will, and is very visible against the sky-line.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



THE OPENING OF THE NEW GHENT-TERNEUZEN CANAL: BRITISH MOTOR-BOATS WHICH WERE REVIEWED BY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



CERTAIN singers, and the more decorous stall-holders, are furious with the hastier section of the Covent Garden audiences. People have fallen very much into the habit of streaming out of their places before the end of "La Bohème," and other popular

operas. Wagner holds them to their seats, but Puccini's music is more lenient, and all the exits play an important part in the movement of the last acts on an Italian night. The whole cause of the premature rush is the carriage difficulty; only Ambassadors and a few privileged persons can arrange to be "taken up" immediately they emerge from their boxes, because their conveyances—and theirs only—are allowed to await them just outside the main doorway. When the "omnibus" box empties before the finale on the stage Melba really has reason to complain, for all its occupants can get away, even in the full crush of the general outpouring, without any of the ordinary agitation of finding a motor in the endless queue.

Cool. The unconventional Ambassadors is so rare a creature that London hardly knows how to deal with her. Her unpunctuality plays havoc with any party she has promised to attend; and still



AS A COMPETITOR IN THE BALL-AND-BASKET RACE, LADY MARJORIE FEILDING, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF DENBIGH AND DESMOND, AT RANELAGH.

Photograph by C.N.

more disconcerting is her punctuality at the functions from which she has excused herself. After refusing an invitation to a ball the other night, she turned up, with two equally unexpected nieces, just in time to disarrange the whole supper-table. "I had not dreamed of coming," she said to her hostess, "but these girls insisted on seeing an English ball." A royal luncheon-party (with the races to follow) at which she was expected she ignored, but arrived at three o'clock instead. "I thought it would be cooler," she cooed. "Too cool!" whispered a guest who had been kept waiting for his salmon mayonnaise.

Dunrobin and Printing House Square.

The absentees of the season have been few, but notable. Lady Onslow's only guest has been a baby, and her only party a christening. The whole of the Duke of Sutherland's family have

been beside the death-bed, so that the Tweed Sale, for which all the invitations had been issued, was abandoned. "I am a broken reed—a broken crutch," wrote the Duchess to her cripples, when, very much to her own sorrow, she had to appoint a deputy to fulfil an engagement arranged in the interests of the shop. Only when the garden party at Stafford House was cancelled did anybody outside the family circle realise the gravity of the Duke's illness; and even then the bulletins issued were of the most consolatory nature. The strange thing was that while Dunrobin was responsible for optimistic reports, the *Times* was using phraseology connected only with hopeless cases.

The Tears of Wales.

The season of pheasants and the season of pageants are both remote, but preparations are already afoot. Lady Deichmann, who has a London garden large enough for any emergency, has invited the organisers of the Arthurian Pageant, to be given at the Eisteddfod, to use her lawns for preliminary rehearsals. This means that trials can be made here of the eighteen ladies and four queens before the convenient crowd of the London season is dispersed; and a Lancelot, an Arthur, and a Guinevere can be chosen from the promising multitude of Henley, or Lord's, or the State Ball. Wales is taking the event in all seriousness, and has determined to secure the flower of English youth for the chief parts. The pageant comes off in August, and Sir Arthur Paget has promised his park at Coldbrook. If it should be as wet in August as it was at the Eglinton Tournament, the first of the pageants, all Wales will—well, weep!

The Genius of Lord Farquhar.

Lord Farquhar, one of the busiest men of the moment, has often proved his infinite capacity for taking pains. It was he who did most of the spade-work at Buckingham Palace when, on the Accession of Edward VII., the whole ordering of the Royal Household needed attention. The late King, who judged his man according to standards that were his own, and all the better for being so, knew Lord Farquhar best as a game-shot and a bridge-player. Those qualifications were backed by others; but it is doubtful if his Majesty knew much about his friend's prowess as M.P. for West Marylebone. The good hand at bridge was good enough for him at Buckingham Palace. The work was done easily and well; and although Lord Farquhar retired in favour of Sir Charles Frederick when it was completed, he had proved himself invaluable, and is called upon whenever much Court business is afoot in the present reign. As Groom-in-Waiting during the last week, his ready *savoir-faire*, and, what was more, quite creditable French, were much in request. He is a Privy Councillor, and G.C.V.O., and is enrolled in many foreign Orders, as well as in the Order of Mercy.



LEAVING THE BROMPTON ORATORY AFTER THEIR WEDDING, SIR JOSEPH DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE AND LADY TICHBORNE (FORMERLY MISS DENISE GREVILLE).

Sir Joseph Doughty-Tichborne is the 13th Baronet. He is co-heir to the Baronies of Fitz-Payne and Kerdeston. Lady Tichborne is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Henry Fulke Greville, of 10, Elm Park Gardens.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



IN A SHEEP-PEN, LADY DOROTHEA FEILDING AS A COMPETITOR IN THE FOX-HUNTERS' OBSTACLE RACE, AT RANELAGH.

Photograph by C.N.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Where Was Mme. Poincaré?

If the French Republic is to be the firm ally of the English Monarchy, and its President our chosen and exuberantly welcomed guest, why was not the charming lady who is the chief feminine personage in the State directly you land in Calais Harbour, seen in London with her distinguished husband? If M. Poincaré had been the Sultan of Turkey we could not have heard less about his wife. Yet Mme. Poincaré is, I understand, essentially *femme du monde*, as well tolerably young; good-looking, and elegant. We run to welcome deposed Queens and exiled Princesses, but we cannot, it seems, for some trumpery reason of etiquette, ask the wife of the President of the French Republic to dine at Buckingham Palace. In these days of democracy, the situation is grotesque. It has probably to do with some question of precedence among feminine royalties; but if King George and the Prince of Wales can meet a Republican President on equal terms, surely our royal ladies, with their unflinching tact and sympathy, could, if they were permitted by Court red-tape to do so, find a way out of this imbroglio. To invite the head of a great and friendly nation and to overwhelm him with honour, while you do not whisper the name of the lady who presides at his palaces, is a singular proceeding in these days of levelling up and down, and smacks of the Immemorial East rather than of Western Europe.

Snobbery and the "Season."

There is a vast deal of nonsense talked every year about the dulness or the brilliancy of the London Season, as if the whole success of the three months depended on whether the Duchess of Blankshire gave a ball, or didn't give a ball, at Blankshire House, or whether the Marchioness of Threestars lighted up her famous parcel-gilt candelabra more than once. It used to be said of a certain popular man-about-town in the last century that "wherever a candle was lit," socially speaking, there was he to be found. But we have got far beyond these circumscribed happenings, these small coteries, and the tremendous importance of certain select drawing-rooms. No single great lady can make or mar the success of a London season. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of wealthy pleasure-seekers are not on the invitation-lists of duchesses at all, and they contrive to put in a very pleasant time without even receiving an ice or a cup of tea from those in the seats of the mighty. Now that London is a cosmopolitan capital, with every kind of show and entertainment, while any young man in a white waistcoat can go to "smart" balls every night of his life, these distinctions about duchesses are anachronisms, and appear singularly absurd under modern social conditions. The "success" of the Season depends on the amount of trade done, of parties of all kinds and descriptions, of full theatres and opera-houses—in short, in the amount of employment given

and money circulated in that under-world which ministers to our pleasures and toils that we may enjoy ourselves.

A Sinister Prophecy.

With all our boasted civilisation, we have only arrived at the lamentable result that it is difficult to find a man of rising forty who has retained his hair on the crown of his head. In still more strenuous lands and trying climates than Europe, such as the United States of America, the case is much worse, for there it is not uncommon to see youths in their twenties rapidly going bald. Moreover, we can look for nothing better, unless we return to the habits of our cave ancestors, who were undoubtedly hirsute, for a German professor has recently declared that, three thousand years hence, all masculine persons will be completely bald, though the females of the species will retain their beautiful hair. Other scientists have predicted that, as the sexes tend distinctly to assimilate, there will be no greatly marked difference between future men and women; but it is clear that a head covered with abundant hair will assure to the female a more agreeable appearance than that of her men-folk, who will appear, like the young husband in Hogarth's "Mariage de Convenience," with a completely naked pate. It is a sinister outlook, but, fortunately, we shall not be called upon to gaze on these singular-looking male specimens of the human species, and in three thousand years *tout s'arrange*—even tastes and æsthetic susceptibilities.

Flounces and the Woman.

Can it be that we are nearing a revival of flounces and all that those futile adjuncts of dress imply? Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, it is true, looks infinitely graceful every evening in a little white skirt *à volant*; but, mark you, she only wears this appealing and old-fashioned garment in a scene of supplication, humiliation, and tears. When she runs away, defiantly, from her millionaire, it is in the narrowest of satin tailor-made suits. In short, flounces are a symbol, a sign, and a portent; they depict not only a state of mind, but a state of civilisation. No reasonable woman, I take it, will venture abroad with sixteen, or even with six, flounces attached to her dress, for the simple reason that they are always coming unstitched, and are a perpetual source of anxiety, danger, and annoyance. The tops of motor-buses and the depths of twopenny tubes do not harmonise with raiment which suggests a doll, or a Christmas pantomime. Moreover, Woman, having left off tears as a weapon, is in no need of the flounce, which is, as it were, a kind of sartorial echo of such feebleness and time-honoured feminine wiles. The modern woman will have none of either of them, and the mysterious powers who essay to foist fashions upon us should make a study of the psychology of the moment.



INEXPENSIVE, CHIC, SIMPLE SUMMER DRESSES.

The left-hand figure wears a flowered crêpon embroidered in thick white cotton, with a soft, white-lawn collar falling in a cascade to the waist; the sleeves are finished with dainty little cuffs of embroidered crêpon. The second toilette is made of soft white muslin, with the belt and collar of black satin; the tunic is formed with a deep flounce of embroidery matching the frills on the sleeves.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 9.

MEXICO.

FROM time to time during the last few months we have expressed pessimistic views as to the outlook for Mexican securities, and warned our readers not to attach too great importance to the assiduously circulated reports of improvement in the political position. Results have certainly justified our warnings, and even now we do not consider the outlook at all clear. Last week the Mexican Northern Power Company announced that they found it necessary to defer for the present the payment of the Bond interest, owing to the serious interruption of the Company's work caused by the revolutionary disturbances. As a result, the price of the issue in question, which has been dwindling for some time back, fell to a nominal price of 40, and it is clear that fresh capital will have to be raised, probably by the issue of Prior Lien Bonds.

The Mexican North Western troubles are not yet forgotten or finished, and now the recent returns of the National Railways of Mexico are so unsatisfactory that the Preference dividends are not likely to be met.

At the time of writing, the prospectus of the new Government loan has made its appearance in Paris, and it is stated that the response has been excellent. When these lines appear the lists will be open over here. Until the exact terms are known, we do not propose to express any definite opinion of its merits, and probably it will have the appearance, at all events, of a success. In our eyes, however, it will not rank very high, and anyone who applies should realise that, while the present conditions continue, it is a distinctly speculative investment.

TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND SECURITIES CORPORATION.

The directors of this concern have just recommended a dividend on the Ordinary stock for the half-year ending May 31 at the rate of 7 per cent., making in all 5½ per cent. for the year, against a distribution of 5 per cent. twelve months ago; £10,000 again goes to reserve, and the carry-forward is rather higher—£31,250.

This Company acts as trustees, etc., and also owns Winchester House, E.C., safe deposits in Liverpool, and about £1,600,000 in investments, three-quarters of which are quoted on the Market. The capital consists of £525,000 4½ per cent. Cumulative Preference stock, and the same amount of Ordinary stock, while the Debenture debt amounts to £750,000, carrying interest at 4½ per cent.

The Company's position has been steadily improving during the last few years; in fact, since 1908 the profits have shown a steady expansion year by year, and a glance at the balance-sheet will show that the Debentures and Preference stock are amply secured and are excellent investments. It is, however, to the Ordinary stock that we wish particularly to draw attention. At the present price of 90½ (cum six months' dividend), the yield, on the new dividend basis, works out at over 6 per cent., and as the value of the Company's securities appreciates during the next few years, so the quotation for the stock must increase. We do not wish to class it as a gilt-edged investment, but even if considered merely as a speculative holding, the yield makes it attractive, and we expect to see it improve to par before very long.

ARGENTINE TOBACCO COMPANY.

When the first Report of this undertaking appeared in the early part of April, the results were far from being satisfactory, and it will be remembered that the directors utilised £93,000, which was expected to go to a fund for redemption of Debentures, in strengthening the balance-sheet; preliminary expenses got £26,700; special advertising, £25,000; and so on. Practically all of it went back into the business, and our comment on the situation was that it looked as though the board were not feeling too happy, and were straining everything to make as good a showing as they did.

The Circular which the directors have just issued confirms this view, and states that the Preference shareholders are not to receive an interim dividend, the Board preferring to wait until they have received the accounts for the year ending Oct. 31 next before recommending the distribution of a dividend. This, of course, in itself might not mean very much, but the Circular also states that the sales for the first seven months of the current year show a decrease of nearly 2½ per cent., and also that the competition, of which the chairman made mention at the meeting, still continues. The sales have improved recently to some extent, but it is clear from the foregoing that the Company's position is far from satisfactory, and that for the first half, at all events, of the current year, the net profits were probably less even than those earned during the same period of 1912.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He went and sat down in his broker's office, that pleasant room

described here upon a former occasion, as a result of which may now be seen other offices to-day with comfortable carpets to the tread, line engravings on the walls, bowls for flowers, and such-like amenities.

"I pass the greater part of my day there, so why should it not look as cheerful as may be in the circumstances?" he once protested to his wife, when she was upbraiding him, never so gently, for his extravagance.

"At that rate, you should have your Stock Exchange similarly fitted and furnished," was her effective retort, underlined, nevertheless, by a gorgeous bunch of Lyon roses for his office vase next day.

"I hope they won't quarrel with the colour of your electric-light shades," she laughed. . . .

Our Stroller said he was glad to see markets showing symptoms of convalescence.

"Yes, it is a mercy, isn't it!" replied the broker. "The crisis, we once more congratulate ourselves, is past, and now—well, now we're waiting for the next!"

"You are a born optimist," said his client, with sarcastic admiration.

"We have to be. Optimism is one of our main assets."

"Expensive optimism veiled by cheap cynicism——"

"Can I be of any service to you this evening?" asked the broker coldly.

"A thousand pardons!" apologised Our Stroller. "I withdraw the epigram—and myself. Don't be offended. I'll come again soon. Good-bye."

"I hate these devils who are always trying to be funny," growled the broker, left to himself. "They haven't got the slightest sense of real humour."

In Shorter's Court the atmosphere was cooler. Our Stroller leant against the corner house and surveyed the quiet scene.

"Can't see my way a yard," he heard a broker lament. "I suppose we are in for the dog-day slackness, and summery markets."

"Which means a sagging state of prices," commented his neighbour.

"Yet there's millions of money on deposit at the banks. And the public are as eager as ever for a gamble, I'm certain."

"What makes you think that?"

"Take my own case: I suppose it's typical of hundreds of others. I have a circle of clients always willing for a dash. They are now; they tell me so. But what encouragement do you get out of markets?"

"I suppose you tell them to buy Home Railway stocks?"

"I do, and they leave me discretionary orders to buy a bit of stock when things look more settled. Like a fool, I never get in at the bottom——"

"Because everything then looks so black."

"That's just it. The air clears, all at once, for no particular reason, and things are up a point or so before you can turn round."

"They go back again, though."

"True enough. They have so little what I call permanent strength that it makes you afraid to touch them at all."

"Yes, it's a rotten state of affairs," agreed the jobber. "With Yankees we find it just the same."

"All over the House you are thrown up against it. What can a broker do?"

"Tell his clients to wait for more settled times," put in another broker, "and trust to luck that he doesn't starve during the interval."

They laughed a little, and then moved off.

In Slater's, where Our Stroller stopped for tea, were fewer customers than usual. "Nothing doing in the House," explained one of the waiters, "and that always makes us slack."

"Markets aren't going back—on balance, I mean," a man remarked to a friend. "I think they are good enough, but there's no trade," and he banged impatiently upon the table with his teaspoon.

"When you say 'trade,' I take it that you mean buying orders?" hazarded Our Stroller.

"That's what it comes to, of course."

"But the papers speak of a fair amount of investment going on still?"

"Investment's a very fine thing in its way, and beautiful, indeed, when you get a lot of it. Only there's never sufficient to go all the way round."

"See your way in the Rubber Market?"

"Surely there must be a rally after such a slump."

"They all look absurdly cheap," added our friend.

A white-haired broker shrugged his shoulders.

"If you can produce a thing for eighteenpence, in large quantities, how long do you expect to sell it at three or four times—or even twice—its cost? It is against all nature and common-sense. A trust of some kind or other is the only remedy for the present rubber sickness."

"Put not your Faith in Trust," said Our Stroller sententiously. "My bill, please, waiter!"

[Continued on page 422.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

For Our Ladies. Now is the time to secure the utmost value in dress, and in all its detail. Peter Robinson, Regent Street—a house famed for its summer sales—have begun this week, and with the express intention of breaking their own record. This will appeal to my readers who are on the eve of a holiday, or



ENGAGED TO MR. VICTOR CHARLES WALTER AGNEW, MISS PHYLLIS MARY CLAUDE BAGGALLAY.



MISS EVELINA D. BINGEL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN BARON GUNTBRAM SCHENK ZU SCHWEINSBERG WAS FIXED FOR JULY 1.



ENGAGED TO MR. GRANVILLE BROMLEY MARTIN, MISS OLIVIA MAUDE STRUTT.

Miss Baggallay is the second daughter of the late Mr. Claude Baggallay, K.C., and of Mrs. Baggallay, of 32, Draycott Place. Mr. Victor Agnew is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Agnew, of 7, Bryanston Square. Miss Bingel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bingel, of 14, Upper Grosvenor Street. Captain Baron Gunthram Schenk zu Schweinsberg is a Chamberlain to the German Emperor, and is in attendance on the Landgrave of Hesse. Miss Strutt is the only daughter of the Hon. Richard Strutt, eldest brother of Lord Rayleigh, of Rayleigh House, Chelsea. Mr. Bromley Martin is the younger son of the late G. E. Martin, of Ham Court, Upton-on-Severn. (Photographs by Swaine and H. Walter Barnett.)

who have yet many functions of the season to get through. To begin with, there are 134 dresses in various styles at 63s. each, including well-tailored coats and skirts in Bedford cord, wool brocade, whipcord, and other up-to-date materials; also dresses in satin,



ENGAGED TO MR. H. LATHOM-BROWNE, MISS EVA SYKES.

Miss Sykes is the only child of the late Captain H. S. Sykes, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. Mr. Lathom-Browne is the only son of the Rev. R. C. Lathom-Browne, of Hever Rectory, Kent.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

will go on during July, everything has been greatly reduced, but the surplus productions of their own looms have been marked so low as to be real bargains. Table-cloths in fine damask of exclusive designs are extraordinarily cheap, some having 5s. in the pound off the prices at which they are ordinarily sold. The same is true of sheets, bed-spreads, and towels, of lace curtains and of cretonnes.

Possibly the lingerie department will make the strongest appeal to ladies: beautiful hand-embroidered nighties for 14s. 9d., dainty camisoles trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace, for 13s. 9d., and hand-embroidered mull pett coats at 15s. 9d. There is a great variety of beautiful blouses from which

to choose, some at 15s. 9d., and tailor-made shirts in striped zephyrs at 12s. 9d. I assuredly advise those in search of really lovely and dainty blouses to visit Walpole's.

Looked and Longed for.

Many a woman with taste and real love for pretty, refined, and smart dress, whose purse is not over well filled, looks and longs for the beautiful things in Peter Robinson's world-famed windows in Oxford Street. She knows, however, that she must wait for a

sale to become the possessor of these much-desired articles. Well, the great summer sale began on Monday, and continues throughout this month, and it will beat all previous records in its standard of value-giving. Smart satin coats, draped, and some of them very handsomely embroidered with beads, and all very elegant and handsome, are being sold at 59s. 6d., 39s. 6d., and 94s. 6d.; all are lined with silk. Practical things—sports coats, oil-skin coats, rain-coats, well-tailored, are 29s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. There are still more elaborate moiré and Bengaline draped coats; and in fur coats—useful and comfortable for motoring at all seasons—

there are real bargains: Russian long pony-skin coats from £8 18s. 6d. Children's frocks in spotted muslin, with Valenciennes and Cluny lace insertions, are bargains at 10s. 6d., and are in sizes for girls from six to thirteen years—the price does not differ, however. There are bargains in fine fur sets, and in ostrich-feather boas and ruffles. Possibly, the greatest attractions of the sale will be found in the costume department, dainty tennis or river dresses being obtainable from 16s.; and very smart tailor-made holiday-making coats and skirts from 31s. 6d. Coats for all sports are a specially attractive feature at this season, when minds are set on holidays; these are of spun silk, perfect-fitting, in ivory, black, and several colours, at 37s. 6d. There are really wonderful reductions in every department, and carriage is paid on all purchases in the United Kingdom.



ENGAGED TO MR. JOSEPH MAUDSLEY, MISS RUTH PARTRIDGE.

Miss Partridge is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Partridge, of 38, First Avenue, Hove. Mr. Maudsley, of the Egyptian State Railway, Cairo, is the son of Mr. Herbert C. Maudsley, of Sea View, Isle of Wight.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



IN THEIR COURT DRESSES: THE VICOMTESSE DE JANZÉ AND MISS NORAH HENNESSY.

The Vicomtesse (seen on the right) is well known in Parisian society. Miss Norah Hennessy is her sister.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

Continued from page 420.]

STARS AND STRIPES.

The Argentine Railway Market will be weighed down for some time to come by the blocks of stock in the hands of the trustees nursing the account of the firm of jobbers who failed there recently. Unhappily, the traffics of the leading lines are not expanding at a rate sufficiently substantial to make the stocks particularly attractive to the public, so this market may remain under a cloud for some time longer.

During the crisis, Union Pacifics dropped to 140, and Steels to 49½, but since then there have been rallies of about ten points and six points respectively. Even now Unions pay 6½ per cent. on the money, while Steels at 55 return 8½ per cent., so there is a liberal margin for a reduction of the distributions in both cases, which would still leave the return per cent. a good one.

Russo-Asiatic shares are well spoken of in quarters which claim to be in close touch with the Company's affairs. It is said that the undertaking has in hand negotiations which have reached an advanced stage with reference to four propositions, and two of them are likely to turn out extremely well. The shares are popular in the North, and at 1½ they are likely to repay the buyer before long.

The Report of the Zinc Corporation showed how well the base-metal companies have been doing for some months past. It had the effect of bracing the Broken Hill group and putting prices better generally; although, with the apathy on the part of the public that is such a feature of the House at the present time, it can hardly be expected that Broken Hills or Zincs will continue to improve, unless conditions as a whole alter for the better.

We are very glad to learn that the unhappy bickerings between the directors of the Globe and Phoenix Company and a large body of the shareholders are in a fair way to cease. Mr. Bowman is to go out to Rhodesia to visit the mine, and the directors' fees have been cut down to £400 a year and expenses. We consider this the best news the shareholders have received for many a long day, as Mr. Bowman is a thoroughly competent man, and the Company will now be freed from the heavy strain which the Board's remuneration has been in the past.

We have often recommended the 5 per cent. First Debentures of the Leopoldina Terminal Company as a sound security, and we are therefore particularly pleased to see that the Company has been able to declare a dividend of 1¼ per cent. on the Ordinary shares. We consider the Debentures an excellent investment at par, although the redemption terms preclude the possibility of any considerable appreciation.

The Shamva Report very naturally failed to please the Market; developments at the third level, where the ore body has contracted to half the length which exists at the second level, are more than disappointing. Development work at the fourth level has been suspended for the time being. On the present ore reserves it seems unlikely that the profits will equal present market valuation of the shares—namely, £1,250,000—and prospects are so uncertain that we cannot see any possible attraction in holding the shares, and our advice to those who bought at a higher figure is to cut their loss.

Rumour is still busy with the Marconi affair. It is openly stated on the Stock Exchange that if a certain broker is called upon to give evidence (as is daily demanded by one of the morning papers) the revelations will be startling. The shares on this occasion were not, it is said, those of the American Company, and the "investor" is supposed to be one who has not yet been before the Committee. That rumours of this description continue to be believed and repeated, as they are, by reputable people in the City shows the futility of a Commission conducted upon party lines. We can only hope the broker in question will be called, and the matter definitely settled. At present it is, to say the least, unsatisfactory in the extreme.

Saturday, June 28, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

SOFTY.—We believe you would be wise to sell. The country will have a good harvest, which will help; but some of the biggest groups out there are in financial difficulties, and many such stocks look like going lower.

H. S. (Liverpool).—We have written to you.

SAILOR.—(1) and (2) are quite sound; but (3) is not the class of security we advise.

A. M.—Most unlikely. Leave well alone.



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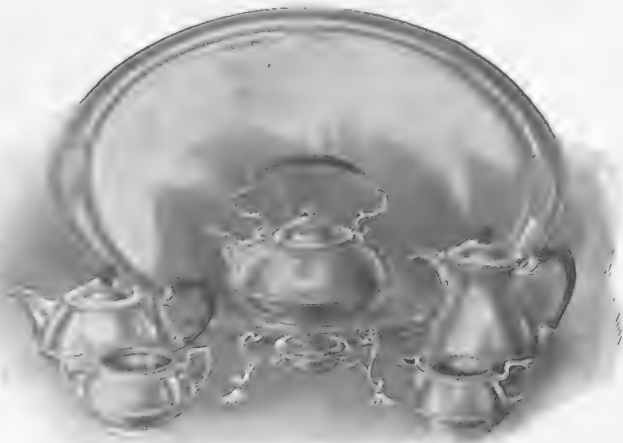
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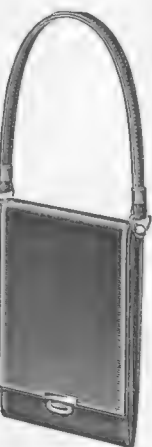
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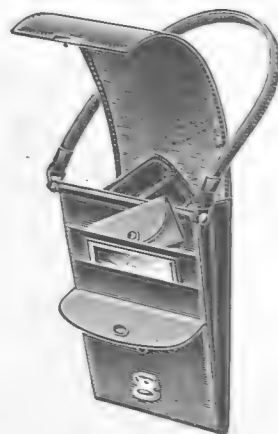
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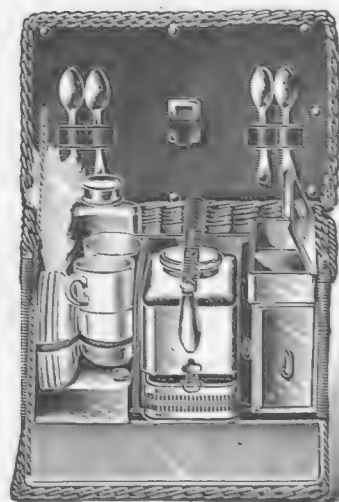


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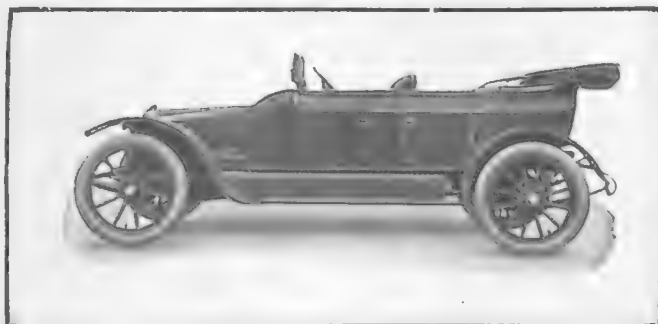
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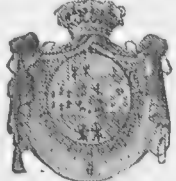
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Oxygen has the peculiar faculty of destroying waste matter in the body without affecting healthy tissues in the slightest degree. Sallow, blotchy and lifeless complexions are caused by the accumulation of waste matter which adheres stubbornly to the surface of the skin. The most practical way to apply oxygen to this waste matter is to use mercolized wax, such as may be obtained at chemist shops. It should be rubbed well into the skin for several nights and washed off in the mornings, like cold cream. In contact with the skin it releases oxygen, and thus clears the skin of the disfiguring waste matter. It is perfectly harmless, pleasant to use, and, indeed, very beneficial, as a skin food. *** To bring a natural red colour to the lips rub them with a soft stick of prolactum. *** For tired, hot and perspiring feet, use a teaspoonful of powdered onalite in a foot bath.

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"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect. *** For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boranum. It is quite harmless, and sets the hair roots tingling with new life. *** The use of rouge is almost always obvious, but powdered colliandum gives a perfectly natural colour and defies detection.

Home Beauty Aids.

"Household Hints."

A persistently shiny nose or a dull lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no clemite in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist, and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection. *** To make the eyelashes grow long, dark and curling, apply a little mennaline with the finger-tips occasionally. It is absolutely harmless and beautifies the eyebrows as well. *** Pileta soap is the most satisfactory for all complexions. It even works well in cold or hard water.

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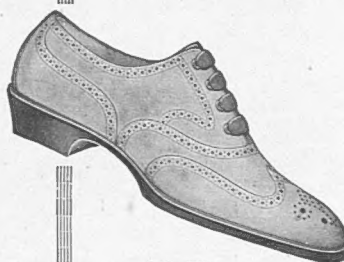
Carriage we pay to any part of the United Kingdom.



CS 1525 25/-



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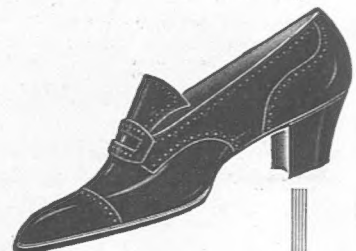
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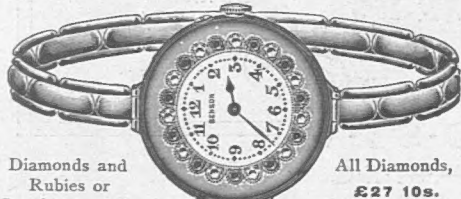
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NOTES FROM THE OPERA HOUSE.

CARUSO'S closing performances at Covent Garden were associated with crowded houses and a maximum of enthusiasm; it was not surprising to find no "first nights" in the week of his departure. The Melba-Carusio combination sold the house out as soon as the box-office was open for the first performance, and the repetition of "La Bohème" with the same attractions met with almost the same response, only a few boxes remaining unsold twenty-four hours after the official announcement was made. When we remember the popularity of the country week-end in late June, the power of great singers can be estimated. Melba and Caruso have enjoyed many triumphs in Puccini's opera, but it may be doubted whether they have known any to rival last week's glory.

The way is now clear for the production of Camussi's "La Du Barry," and for the rest of the season there is a programme of considerable interest. The appearance of M. Franz as Radames in "Aïda" to-night (July 2) should provide a very interesting evening, for the French tenor is a singer of no ordinary gifts, and his capacity was demonstrated very clearly some few nights ago, when, after appearing on a Thursday as Julien in "Louise," he took the exacting rôle of Faust twenty-four hours later, singing and acting with remarkable vigour. It was an achievement of which he may well feel proud. Another singer who has created a good impression this season is Signor Aquistapace. As the old workman in "Louise," he has found many admirers, and rightly, for he is admirable as singer and actor; but his success in the rôle was no foregone conclusion in view of London's pleasant memories of poor Gilbert, and of Vanni Marcoux in the same part. Signor Aquistapace has been a very welcome addition to the company that presents "La Bohème"; Colline's song has seldom been sung so well. It is to be expected that "Samson et Dalila" will be given several times before the close of the season, for the opera appears to develop its appeal with each performance; and small wonder, seeing the excellence of the company and the splendour of the mounting. Like "Aïda," it is a work that displays the resources of our National Opera House at their best. Music-lovers may well have been pleased to find "Pelléas et Mélisande" given three times during the season, and to have noted the growing favour with which Debussy's masterpiece is received. That an audience trained to delight in quite another style of opera, and in music of which the composers' intentions are altogether different from those of Debussy, should have passed so quickly from active hostility and through various stages of indifference to definite approval, is one of the most significant and satisfactory signs of the times. It reduces, if it does not alto-

gether remove, the charge of incurable conservatism so often levelled against the patrons of Covent Garden; though it is impossible to forget the large part that splendid mounting, fine acting, good singing, and masterly treatment of the score by M. Caplet have contributed to the satisfactory result.

Russian Ballet, interpreted by Russian dancers and directed by their own countrymen, was the natural prelude to Russian opera given under like conditions. The question was not whether it would come, but how soon we might expect it; and the answer was, naturally enough, that we should have it as soon as some wealthy and enterprising music-lover would take the initial risk. The presence of the Imperial Opera Company of St. Petersburg in Paris provided an opportunity. Sir Joseph Beecham was quick to seize it, and the hopes of the lovers of Russian music materialised on Tuesday of last week, when "Boris Godounov," or a great part of it, was presented at Drury Lane by a company that included the famous Russian basso, Chaliapine. Of the artistic success of the experiment there can be no manner of doubt, for it provides a very sophisticated city with what one of the greatest world-conquerors sighed for—a new sensation. "Boris Godounov" is an opera in curiously loose form, a very patchwork of striking pictures, founded by Moussorgsky upon a tragedy by Poushkin. Written forty years ago, it started life as a failure, and so remained until Moussorgsky's friend and admirer, Rimsky-Korsakov, overhauled the score, toned down its inequalities, gave to the music some of his own glittering qualities, and set it upon the high road that leads to success. The performance of the revised version was given more than twenty years after the original work had been produced and damned; but only five years have passed since the opera took Paris by storm. The central figure is, of course, Tsar Boris, who has brought about the murder of Dimitri, the heir of Ivan the Terrible, and has usurped the throne. Gregory the Monk, who has had visions that he is the Dimitri, escaped from assassins and divinely appointed to replace the usurper, is the second figure of the drama, but with Chaliapine in the name-part, the real interest seldom strays far. We had been assured that the music is new and hard to follow, and this may have been true forty years ago; to our well-stretched receptive faculty there is little that is recondit about it, and very much that is supremely beautiful. The choral in the Coronation Scene, the folk-music scattered through the score with a lavish and loving hand, the music associated with the children of Boris—these and other numbers appeal at once to the ear. There is something about "Boris Godounov" that takes it right away from the category of the operas we know; the force and splendour of music and action make a direct appeal.

S. L. B.

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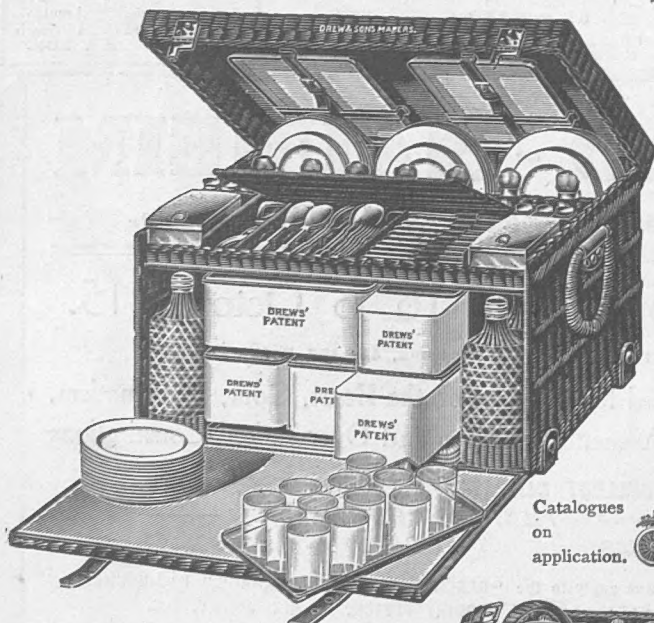


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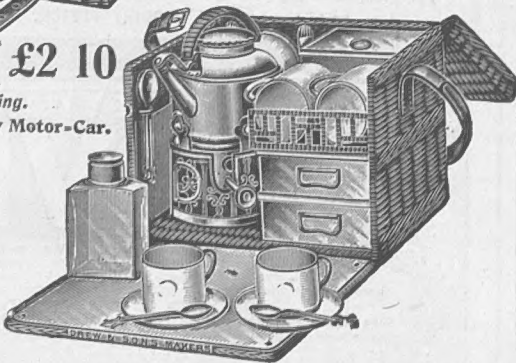
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